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[VOL. XV.

## "THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



Aunt Markham's Nap.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"All by the shady Greenwood-tree  
The merry, merry archers roam;  
Jovial and bold and ever free,  
They tread their woodland home."

"AND where," asks Aunt Markham, signedly, "are we going next?"

"We are going," answers Eric, "to Transylvania, which I consider, take it all in all, the loveliest county in the mountains."

"Then it must be a remarkable county," says Mrs. Cardigan, looking up from a map which she is studying with Mr. Lanier—this has become one of our chief amusements since we obtained a bird's-eye view of the country from the summit of the Black.

"It is a remarkable country for deer," says Charley. "I am glad to hear that we are going there.—But why not venture a little farther, Eric?—why not carry this party of intrepid explorers into the Balsam Mountains?"

"Because it is too wild a region," answers Eric. "We are not prepared for anything so remote from civilization."

"For Heaven's sake," says Aunt Markham, with energy, "don't let us go into any wilder region than we have been in already!"

It is very well for young people to profess to enjoy hardships, but at my age one prefers the comforts of life—at least to the extent of a bed to sleep on and a roof over one's head."

"My dear aunt," says Sylvia, "that idea springs entirely from a misconception. If you would only try once the delight of sleeping in the open air on balsam-boughs, you would never rest until you had tried it again."

"Very likely, indeed!" says Aunt Markham, with profound skepticism. "I hope Eric will believe that I have no desire to try such a thing once."

"I believe it thoroughly," says Eric, "and will take care that you are not forced to do so.—Never mind, Sylvia; next summer we will start out on horseback, take a tent, and thoroughly explore the Balsam and the Nantahala Mountains."

"Thanks," says Sylvia, "but next summer is so very far away! I have never outgrown the childish feeling of wanting a pleasure at once if I am to have it at all. How do I know what may happen before next summer?"

"Life is very uncertain," says Mrs. Cardigan, laughing. "When summer comes, you may be married and gone to Switzerland for your wedding-tour."

Instead of blushing, Sylvia looks haughty.

"I was not alluding to anything of that kind," she says. Then she turns to Charley—poor Charley, who is not likely to be able to afford a wedding-tour to Switzerland.—"You have been to the Balsam Mountains," she says. "Tell me all about them. Is the country very wild?"

"It is exceedingly wild," he replies. "Eric is right; we are not fitted out for going there this summer. In a tour of that description one must prepare for roughing of every description."

Failing the Balsam Mountains—against which a majority of the party strongly vote—it is decided that we turn our faces toward Transylvania.

As I predicted, Mrs. Cardigan makes one of our party. "As far as Cæsar's Head," she says. "There I expect to meet some friends."

"I don't believe that she expects to meet anybody at all," says Aunt Markham, confidentially. "I believe that she has simply

determined to make Eric fall in love with her, and—O Alice, do you think he will?"

I laugh.

"It is impossible to say," I answer, "but I don't think he will. If Eric ever marries—which is doubtful—he will not be likely to choose a beguiling widow for his wife."

Notwithstanding this opinion, I am forced to admit that the beguiling widow in question makes herself so agreeable that even Eric is partial to her society, and when we start she is on the front seat of the phaeton by his side.

After a day or two of rest, how glad we are to be in motion once more, and how we pity the people who are forced to remain stationary at tiresome springs and in village-hotels! Even when there is nothing in especial to be seen, it is a delight to be in the open air, with the picturesque country spread around one, to bowl over good roads, to cross flashing streams, to feel the pleasant breeze in one's face, to watch the shadows on the hills, or the bosky depths of green woods.



The Fiddler.

How many trivial yet delightful things occur in the course of such journeyings! There are wayside lunches on mossy rocks; there

are fruit-trees to be rifled, and hills to be climbed; there are inhabitants of the country to be cross-questioned with regard to distances, concerning which no two give the same account; there are roads to be lost and found—above all, there are many jests and much gay laughter, and the infinite freshness and sweetness of Nature in all the wide and varying scene, the bending sky, and streaming sunshine.

"Why does not everybody spend the summer in this manner?" says Mrs. Cardigan, enthusiastically. "It is true that women, poor creatures! have not much more choice with regard to their holidays than with regard to anything else; but men are different. How they can prefer lounging about a watering-place to traveling in this manner is something I cannot understand."

"The best class of men—those with most manliness about them—do not prefer it," says Eric. "You rarely find them among the dancers in hotel-ballrooms or the loungers on hotel-piazas. But you may meet them by the hundreds with fishing-rods and rifles all through these mountains. Yonder is a party of the kind now."

He points as he speaks to a wagon which we are in the act of passing. It contains a tent and other provisions for camping out. Half a dozen young men in hunting-shirts—several of them carrying guns on their shoulders—tramp alongside. They lift their hats as we pass, showing sunburned faces beneath—the faces of gentlemen unmistakably. Eric returns their salutation, and then inquires—

"Where bound?"

"To the Balsam Mountains, for fishing and hunting," answers one of the number.

"Hope you'll have good luck."

"Much obliged."

We all bow and smile—then glance back as we wind round a curve of the road, in time to see the equestrian members of our party halt and speak to them. Charley apparently finds an acquaintance, for a general hand-shaking takes place.

"Now Sylvia is in her element," says Eric. "How she will question those fellows, and indirectly flatter them, and set them at their ease by her cordial frankness! In ten minutes she will draw out of them all their information—and anything else they may possess."

"I never knew any one with a greater gift of winning the popular heart than she possesses," says Mrs. Cardigan. "What an invaluable wife she would make for a politician!"

"Such a gift loses its value and much of its charm when it is turned to a purpose of that kind," I remark.

We drive on, and some time elapses before anything more is seen of the riders. Then Sylvia, attended by Mr. Lanier, comes up at a canter, and the first thing we perceive is a brace of pheasants hanging over the horn of her saddle.

"Did you see those delightful young men?" she asks. "Charley's friend Grimes—you've heard him talk of Grimes, haven't you?—is one of them. I was very glad, for I wanted to question them all about where

they were going. They have been to the Roan, and now they are going on a hunting-trip to the Balsam. Oh, I wish I could go! Charley says he thinks *he* will."

"Did Grimes give you those?" asks Eric, pointing to the birds.

"No, another one—very handsome, with a dark mustache—gave them to me. I did not want to take them, but he insisted—and won't they be delicious?"

"Very," answers Eric. "Now if we can only meet another party with a slaughtered deer, and you will be good enough to cajole that out of them, we shall fare royally."

"Cajole!" repeats Sylvia, indignantly. "Didn't they *press* me to take these?" she asks, turning to Mr. Lanier.

"Certainly they did," assents that gentleman, promptly.

Presently Charley appears within conversational distance, and Eric accosts him.

"What is this I hear?" he inquires—"are you thinking of turning deserter?"

"I was strongly tempted," the other answers, "but on the whole I have decided to stand by you all. No doubt we'll get some good hunting at Buck Forest."

We are at this time traveling once more along the banks of the French Broad, though we can scarcely fancy that this tranquil river, with its glassy current and smiling valley, is one with the impetuous stream which a little later tears its headlong way through the heart of the mountains. No river could be more placid and well-behaved than it is here. We do not follow its course very long, but bear away across a comparatively level though very elevated country. Evidences of thrift and prosperity abound. One farm succeeds another in rapid succession, while the houses, as a rule, are large and comfortable. We pass the lovely valleys of the Mills and Davidson Rivers, with breadths of fertile lowlands in the foreground and purple-crested hills beyond, miles of rustling corn and broad meadows sowed in grass. All the rugged features of mountain landscape have disappeared; a pastoral softness fills the outlines of every picture, while a freshness of which words can convey but a faint idea rests over the land, and the atmosphere seems with every mile to grow purer and more stimulating.

We take our dinner by the roadside, on the shady banks of the Davidson. This river is short in its course, being a tributary of the French Broad, but no stream carries a more limpid current through fairer scenes.

"One might spend a week in exploring it," says Eric. "The scenery is romantic in the extreme."

"And its head-waters abound in trout," says Charley.

"If we stopped to explore everything, we should never have done," says Aunt Markham, who feels that it is very necessary to restrain the wandering inclinations of the party.

"Really now," says Mr. Lanier, "are you in earnest about the trout? Since I haven't seen one yet, my skepticism may be excused."

"You haven't been at any place where you *could* see one—except on the Black, and

nobody had time for trout-fishing there," says Charley. "The speckled trout are only found in the purest and coldest streams—generally on the north sides of mountains. If you joined those fellows whom we passed going to the Balsam, you would soon be able to catch more than you'd know what to do with."

"I am not sufficiently anxious to catch them to be willing to endure all the discomforts which those fellows are going to encounter," says Mr. Lanier. "Our mode of traveling is quite adventurous enough, I think."

"Quite," says Aunt Markham.

Nobody else indorses this opinion, but those who utter it are too well convinced of its soundness to need any indorsement. The rest of us merely laugh. One does not feel inclined to argument with crystal water swirling gently by, and boughs interlacing overhead, through the greenness of which one catches glimpses of a sky blue as the heart of a turquoise.

"Not Ariel lives more merrily  
Under the blossoming bough than me,"

says Sylvia. "Who wants to play a game of whist? This is one of those periods in a journey when one does not care in the least about moving on."

Since John and Harrison are engaged in taking their dinner, and the horses are still munching the oats which have been purchased at a neighboring farmhouse for them, this proposal is very well received; and the cards are produced. Mrs. Cardigan and Eric play against Sylvia and Mr. Lanier—the table being a convenient rock. Charley and I look on and offer unasked advice to the players. Aunt Markham leans back between the spreading roots of a large oak, and takes a refreshing nap against its trunk. There is a ford in the river not far from us, and a countryman who drives his ox-cart into the water, and pauses for the poor patient beasts to drink, looks amused at the scene before him.

We linger so long that Eric shakes his head when we finally start again.

"I don't know where we shall spend the night," he says. "This delay has altogether upset my calculations."

"Serves you right for making such things!" says Charley. "It is a mistake in a journey like ours. We should loiter as we like during the day, and trust to luck for the night's shelter."

"I had rather trust to something more definite," says Aunt Markham. "Eric, where did you expect to spend the night?"

"I expected to spend it at Buck Forest," answers Eric, "but we can't possibly reach there now."

"It does not matter," says Sylvia, cheerfully. "There are plenty of houses along the road where we can stop and improve our knowledge of the manners and customs of Arcadia."

"That might be an agreeable prospect," says Mrs. Cardigan, "if it was not so entirely an Arcadian custom to fry a chicken in a pound of lard, and to provide one with a feather-bed to sleep on."

The serene brightness of afternoon is spread over the land, as we travel on at a rapid pace—for the roads are smooth turn-pikes along which the horses trot gayly. Far and wide the varied prospect extends, bathed in golden sunlight, flecked by deep shadows. It is nearly sunset when we cross the French Broad once more—a much narrower stream now, flowing swiftly under the bridge over which we pass. Then we have our first glimpse of the magic beauty which will some day make Transylvania famous! The valley of the river lies before us like a garden—a level expanse of cultivated greenness, curving away to the right—where, framing its broad fields and gently-swelling hills, there stretches along the entire western horizon a range of the most beautiful mountains which we have seen—the most beautiful, I think, which can be seen anywhere. Nothing can surpass the grace of their undulating outlines, the marvelous purity of their tints. They stand, like the very heights of heaven, against the evening sky—softly and ineffably fair—with the pastoral landscape spread at their feet.

We cross the valley with this view before our eyes. From the great hills long shadows stretch; all manner of sweet, fresh odors are on the dewy air; no sapphire is half so blue as the peaks behind which the sun is setting with such majesty that a wonderful glow lights up the entire sky; in the east, over the dark, wooded hills that bound the prospect, some fleecy clouds are floating, which catch the splendor and turn to tenderest rose upon the deep-blue ether.

"This is Arcadia!" says Sylvia. "We have reached it at last! By many ways, through many scenes have we come—but never before have we found such a scene as this!"

"It is the fairest valley in the mountains!" says Eric, regarding it with pride and admiration.

Even Aunt Markham is so much absorbed that she has forgotten to ask where we are to spend the night, but the deepening shades of twilight recall this question to her mind. She looks round apprehensively.

"I hope you don't mean to travel after night, Eric," she says. "In the mountains it is very dangerous, and the moon does not rise until late."

"I shall not travel after night if I can help it," answers Eric, touching up the horses. "I think I know a place about two miles from here where we can stop. I don't promise you excellent accommodation, however."

"Oh, never mind about that," says Mrs. Cardigan. "We have learned not to be fastidious."

"But we should like, if possible, to be comfortable," says Aunt Markham, with an expression of anxiety.

So, on through the deepening dusk we drive—leaving the French Broad Valley behind, but keeping in sight the graceful range of mountains with the sunset pomp dying away beyond. O wild and beautiful country, elevated so far above the rest of the world, and encircled by granite barriers, if it were possible to write down all that makes

your charm, how soon fame would come to you!—but, then, perhaps fault-finding tourists and inane pleasure-seekers might come too, so that your virgin freshness would be brushed away, and the nymphs and dryads which now seem to haunt the depths of your valleys and the far retreats of your hills, would vanish altogether.

Presently—when twilight has purpled and softened all the scene, when the rosy clouds have become gray, filmy vapors, and only a golden glow is left of the sunset pageant—we bowl down to another stretch of lowland.

"Transylvania seems to be rich in rivers," I remark. "Pray, what stream is this?"

"Little River," answers Eric, whose foot is now indeed on his native heath, since he has fished in these waters, and hunted over these hills, until both are thoroughly familiar to him. "And yonder is the house where I hope we can stay all night."

He points with his whip as he speaks, and we follow the gesture with our glance. After some of our experiences in the matter of wayside lodging, this which we behold appears very encouraging. It is a comfortable farmhouse, placed near the road, with rich fields stretching back, and wooded heights rising near at hand.

"Leaving here," remarks Eric, "the road turns abruptly around those hills, and enters a gorge, hemmed by mountains on one side and the river on the other.—If these people won't take us in, you must decide, mother, whether you had rather dare the dangers of the pass, or—camp out."

"I'll wait to decide until they refuse to take us in," says Aunt Markham, philosophically.

They do not refuse. Hospitality—that great virtue which is always more or less associated with a pastoral life—now, as ever, pleads in our behalf. The woman of the house at first demurs.

"We are not prepared to accommodate travelers," she says; "we are not accustomed to takin' them in."

But, when Eric represents that if we are not taken in our strait will be desperate, she yields at once.

"You may come in, then," she says, "and I'll do my best to oblige you."

After this, we cannot be ungrateful enough to find fault—even if fault there was to find. When they have opened their doors, these mountain people seem to open their hearts as well, and no one can travel through the country without receiving much kindness and invariable civility—unless his experience be widely different from ours.

The carriages are relieved of their multifarious luggage, the trunks are taken into the house, we make a brief survey of the apartments assigned to us, and then gather on the piazza in the cool, clear dusk, while our hostess betakes herself to the kitchen, whence an ominous fizzling sound soon proceeds.

"O that frying-pan!" says Sylvia, with a groan. "I wish I could make a bonfire of every one in existence!"

"You don't know what cruel desolation you would inflict on a large proportion of your fellow-creatures," says Charley.

"I should enjoy inflicting it," she says, vindictively. "Yonder are two men coming in! I wonder if they are belated travelers? Why, Charley, it's—it's Grimes and another one!"

At this lucid statement we all turn. "Grimes" and the "other one" have entered the gate, and are now approaching the piazza.

"If you come for lodging, you are too late," Charley says, with a laugh. "We have engaged all the apartments of this hotel."

"By Jove, it's Kenyon!" says one of the young men. Then they doff their hats to the party. "We thought you were ever so far ahead of us," the speaker goes on. "How do you come to be here?"

"We idled so long at mid-day that we fell short of our place of destination," Eric answers. "I am sorry for the fact if you have come for lodging."

"For lodging!" they repeat. "We have come for some milk. Our tent is pitched a little distance from here."

"I'll pilot you to the kitchen," says Charley. "We haven't engaged all the milk."

They return presently, laughing and talking—their tin bucket full of the desired fluid—linger to exchange a few remarks, give us a cordial invitation to visit their camp, and then take their departure.

"What delightful times they must have!" says Sylvia, watching them enviously; "what a thing it is to be a man!"

"Sometimes it is very much of a thing to be a woman," observes Mr. Lanier.

When supper is over, Sylvia, Charley, and Rupert, announce their intention of going to the camp, and Mrs. Cardigan, Mr. Lanier, Eric, and myself, decide to accompany them. The walk is very pleasant. Starlight is beautiful in all places—a vague, shadowy light which gives infinite play to the imagination—but it is specially beautiful and marvelously bright in this land of the sky. We stroll along the road, hearing the soft rush of water in the semi-darkness, conscious of many different floating odors, and with a dim outline of spreading valley and dark hills around. Above, the magnificent arch of heaven is ablaze with myriads of stars—jewel-like worlds throbbing in their strange, silent glory through all the wide realm of space.

Before we reach our destination, we catch the ruddy gleam of a fire, and hear a sound of familiar music.

"By George, they've got a fiddle!" cries Rupert, enthusiastically.

He darts forward eagerly. We turn a sharp bend of the path, and the camp is before us. What is more picturesque than such a scene? The bright glow of the fire extends over a radius of several yards, lighting up fantastically the tangled depths of foliage on a neighboring hillside and the vine-draped face of a great rock. The tent is pitched near—behind which an unseen stream murmurs over its stones. The wagon stands at some distance. Over the foreground the party are scattered in various attitudes, smoking like so many volcanoes. On a large stone immediately in front of the fire sits the fiddler—a negro, whose foot keeps time, and whose body sways with the music.



"I didn't know that you carried a musician, along with you, Grimes," says Charley, when we have been welcomed and introduced to the circle.

"Oh, that fellow does double duty," answers Grimes. "He drives the wagon all day and plays the fiddle all night—at least, as much of the night as we'll allow him to play. He doesn't make bad music, either, as fiddlers go."

"He makes uncommonly good music," says Sylvia, who evidently finds difficulty in keeping her feet still. "What excellent time!" she goes on, addressing Mrs. Cardigan. "Wouldn't you like to dance?"

Before that lady can answer, two or three of the young men speak eagerly.

"Why shouldn't you dance if you would like it?" they inquire. "It's what we have been pining for to such an extent that we have several times danced with each other."



The Reel.

"But where can we dance?" asks Mrs. Cardigan, glancing round.

"On the ground, like fairies," says Eric.

"In the house we left a few minutes ago," says Charley. "There's quite a large room there. We'll take the fiddler and go back."

So, accompanied by the fiddler and the majority of the camping-party, we return to the house. One or two of the gentlemen demur slightly on the score of their appearance, but, having been assured by Sylvia that their flannel hunting-shirts are very picturesque and altogether appropriate to the occasion, they consent to enter the saloon, which is magnificently lighted by two tallow-candles placed on a mantel-piece so high that a person of moderate stature would require a ladder to mount to it.

This is a trifle, however. On waxed floors and under blazing chandeliers I have yet to see a tenth part of the merriment, the abso-

lute enjoyment, which makes this evening delightful. How gayly the laughter rings, how bright the eyes, how light the steps!

"Oh, if in after-life we could but gather  
The very refuse of our youthful hours!"

We dance several quadrilles, try a waltz or two, and close with an old-fashioned reel. During this last the mirth grows fairly uproarious, and, as Sylvia leads down the middle with Grimes, she turns her flushed, sparkling face over her shoulder to say to Mrs. Cardigan:

"Isn't this ever so much better than the Springs?"

"It is a most brilliant ball, especially in the matter of costumes," the widow laughs back.

The brilliant ball closes about midnight. Compassion for Tip the fiddler, who assures us, however, that he is not tired, and for

Aunt Markham, whose sleeping-apartment adjoins the ballroom, together with a recollection of our travel during the past day, and early rising on the morrow, join to make us dismiss our new acquaintances to their camp. The moon has risen, and is shining brightly when we go to the piazza to see them off with many jests, farewell words, and good wishes.

This is not the last of them, however. An hour later we are roused from sleep by voices under our window suddenly bursting into song.

"Those scamps!" says Sylvia. "They threatened me with a serenade, and I said to them, 'Don't,' but you see they have come."

"One or two of them have good voices," says Mrs. Cardigan. "Listen! Really this is worth being waked for."

We agree that it is.

The silver moonlight streams, the dark foliage sways gently, the merry voices rise in chorus. Song follows song—serenades, woodland ballads, hunting-glees. Several of the voices are excellent. It is a melodious tenor which presently sings that exquisite serenade:

"I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me, who knows how,  
To thy chamber-window, sweet."

"If it is half as pleasant for them to sing as for us to listen, how they must be enjoying themselves!" says Mrs. Cardigan. "What is that? 'Good - by, Sweetheart, Good - by!' They mean to close now."

"I must throw them a flower when they finish," says Sylvia, stealing to the window.

The flower is thrown, "Good-nights" are uttered, then steps and voices recede; the last we hear some one is singing, as they tramp down the road:

" 'Tis but a little faded flower,  
But, oh, how dear to me!  
It brings me back one joyous hour—"

The words grow inaudible, the laughter dies away, our pleasant friends of a day are gone!

## FALLEN FORTUNES.<sup>1</sup>

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "WALTER'S WORD," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

AFTER THE CHARADES.

IT is night, and the moon is rising over crag and coppice in its fullness, making all things, as is commonly said, "as light as day." Its silent, silvery splendors do not, however, vie with the golden glories of noonday, but have a radiance of their own, infinitely more enchanting as it gleams on wood and wave. Never does Nathay look so charming as when its smooth, swift stream mirrors the moonbeams, or steals coily from them in eddy and pool beneath its bush-fringed banks. Never do the tall crags of Bleabarrow stand so grandly out as beneath this harvest-moon. How distinctly does every giant boulder assert itself, every heather-clad knoll, and every mountain-ash that leans aslant out of its rocky cleft, like a flag at a ship's stern in calm! To one who observes her closely, Nature has at this time a listening air; the giant boulders, in their statuesque magnificence, seem to be awaiting something, the utterance, it may be, of some magic charm that shall confer a wondrous transformation; the ash is leaning and listening; even the tufts of heather stand stiffly up, as though in expectation. If he be alone in such a scene, man himself mechanically listens also; and to some a voice is vouchsafed—uncertain, vague, yet pregnant, so it seems, with eternal mysteries; and by others there is no sound heard save the whisper of the wind among the trees or the murmur of the stream as it hurries to the fall.

"Listen, Kitty, listen! Is it not pleasant to hear the Nathay tumbling over the weir in a night like this?"

The speaker is a plump, fair girl in a housemaid's dress, who is standing at an open window of a mansion commanding a view of the weir, and she addresses one of her own age and sex who is leaning over the window-sill beside her. To judge from the attire of the latter, which is a neat and cheap one, such as is bought for solid merit, as respects its washing qualities, rather than for pattern and texture, and by the little apology for a cap, made out of imitation lace, that crowns her rich brown hair, you would conclude her to be of the same station as her companion; but Kate has an air of refinement that the other lacks. They are both, however, what even bachelors, who have arrived at the critical age, would term pretty girls; and if Mary (for that is the speaker's

<sup>1</sup> Published from advance-sheets by arrangement with the author.



name) is inclined to be stout, that is no defect, so far as my poor judgment goes, in a pretty housemaid, but generally bespeaks content and good-nature. She is evidently one of those who do not "work their fingers to the bone" in the performance of her household duties, for her hands are smooth and delicate, while it is equally plain that her occupation lies within-doors, for her complexion is as soft as cream, and almost as white. Her neck, too, though marred by the presence on either side of it of a large blob of mosaic gold in the shape of an ear-ring, is free from roughness or sunburn; and its delicacy contrasts prettily enough with the gay cotton handkerchief pinned above her bosom, in that Old World, modest fashion which is rarely seen in these days, even when modesty is affected, as upon the stage. Upon the whole, we would say that Mary is a superior young person in her rank of life, and that her mistress is an easy one, and leaves her plenty of leisure to adorn and preserve her charms; and woe be to the susceptible head gamekeeper (one would go on to prophesy) who, in his watchful rounds to-night, should behold that pleasant vision as she gazes out on Nathay's stream and crags! Kate, like Mary, is a blonde; but the resemblance between the girls goes no further. She is a year or two younger than her companion—indeed, unusually young for one in domestic service—and has an air of delicacy so pronounced that it only just falls short of the appearance of ill-health. Her cheek-bones might be termed too high, and her frame too angular, if it were not that Nature has not yet done with her. Her beauty is at present in the budding stage, though it gives promise of great perfection; and her eyes are too soft and spiritual, one would say, for the task of looking for cobwebs or dusting china. If she is to be up betimes to-morrow, and go about her work as usual, it strikes one that they ought long ago to have been closed in sleep, instead of looking on rock and river with such a thoughtful and impassioned gaze.

"You hear the weir, don't you, Kitty," continued Mary, "though it seems you don't hear me?"

"A thousand pardons, Polly. Oh, yes, I hear it well enough, and I heard your question, too; but, somehow, on a night like this, one likes to think, and not to talk. It was very selfish of me not to answer you; but I was wondering how long yon river had run on like this, how many generations of men and women had listened to it, and how many more will do so, when you and I shall have no ears for its ceaseless song."

"No ears, dear Kitty? what a funny notion! Oh, I see; you mean when we shall both be dead."

"Yes; dead and gone, Mary. The moon will shine as calmly as it does now yonder, glistening on those crags we know so well; the sky will be just as blue and beautiful; the trees will be even grander and larger; but we shall never see them more."

"Well, of course not; we shall be enjoying something better in heaven—at least I hope so."

"Do you really hope so, Polly?" asked the other, earnestly; "or is it only that you

hope you are not going to the bad place? I cannot help thinking that we often pretend we want to go to heaven, when we have, in reality, no expectation of the sort."

"O Kitty, how can you be so wicked?"

"But is it not wicked to pretend such things? It seems to me to be attempting to deceive not only ourselves, but him who made us. Now, on a night like this, and looking on so fair a scene, I almost feel as if I *was* in heaven; as though, at all events, I was not of the earth—earthly—but was projected somehow—I don't know how—into some diviner sphere. There seem influences about us such as are not perceived at other times, if they then exist; a sort of communion appears to be established between our souls and Nature herself—"

"You are 'projecting' me, dear Kitty," interrupted the other, laughing, "very much beyond my depth; for my part, I am quite content to leave speculation alone, or, where there seems a hitch, to trust to the clergyman."

"That is because you are conscious of being so comfortably located that the very idea of change, even in one's ideas, annoys you. From your cradle to your grave, you will, in all human probability, be out of the reach of adversity; and, therefore, this world seems sufficient for all your wants, if not the best of all possible worlds."

"For that matter, you will be just as well off as I, Kitty."

"So far as material wants are concerned, I suppose I shall; but I cannot shut my eyes to the position of those who are less favored by Fortune. I often wonder if one were poor and looked down upon (as poor people are, whatever we may say), and conscious of injustice and contempt, whether one's views of the future would not be altered as much as one's views of the present. It seems to me that it is much easier for the rich to be what is called orthodox—to pronounce whatever is to be right, and to take matters as they find them mapped out for them, both here and hereafter—than for the poor."

"Yet, I am sure some of our poor people here—I mean of those that belong to the estate—"

"A very different thing from the estate belonging to *them*, Polly," interrupted her companion, dryly.

"Of course it is. Providence has placed them in a subordinate position; but yet they are often better people—I have heard the rector say so—and more religious-minded, than their masters. They are ill-lodged and ill-fed, rheumatic, and Heaven knows what else; but yet they never complain, nor seem to think it hard, though they see others so much better off."

"Still, I confess I should feel it bitterly, Polly, if I were in their place," answered the other, earnestly. "I am afraid I should be a radical and an infidel, and all that is bad."

"Well, then, I am very glad that you are not likely to be exposed to the temptation, cousin," was the laughing reply. "If your papa gets into Parliament, he is quite clever enough to become a minister, and then you will be a great lady; when you will soon get

rid of these socialistic sort of ideas, and begin to patronize us all."

"Patronize!" exclaimed Kate; "that is another thing that seems to me to embitter the position of the poor almost beyond endurance. There are people in our class even who seem to imagine that they have bought their fellow-creatures out and out, body and soul, with a few yards of flannel, or, very literally, a few 'messes of pottage.' Even if they had settled a comfortable annuity upon their unhappy victims, they could not have the right to treat them as they do; but to have bought them so cheap, and then to give themselves such airs of proprietorship, is to my mind a very offensive spectacle."

"My dear Kitty," cried the other, laughing, "if you are not of a more 'umble' spirit, and do not feel more grateful for your perquisites than your language seems to promise, you will never get an 'upper' situation. Even as it is, you know, it was noticed by Mr. Holt in the charade to-night that you looked above your place."

"I dare say I should be very unfitted for it," was the grave rejoinder, "as well as for anything else that was really useful. I often wonder—"

"What is the good of it? You are always wondering, Kitty," broke in the other girl.

"I can't help it; and I have heard it said that wonder is a stepping-stone to understanding. I say, I often wonder, if papa and mamma were to be ruined, what use I could possibly be to them. How could I get my own bread even, except by the very occupation we have been playing at to-night—that of domestic service? As to going out as a governess, for example, what qualifications do I possess for such a post?"

"Oh, *that* is no obstacle, my dear Kitty; for I have had half a dozen governesses, and not one of them knew what she proposed to teach."

"Well, I told you I thought it wicked to 'pretend,' and so I do; so that the profession of teaching would be out of the question, so far as I am concerned. What on earth, then, should I do if I was penniless?"

"I will tell you. You would send an unpaid letter to Miss Mary Campden, Riverside, Bleabarrow, Derbyshire, telling her how matters stood; and, as soon as steam and wheels could take her, she would be with you; and this would be her answer: 'Come to Riverside, Kitty, and for the rest of your life make it your home. We have always been sisters at heart, though only cousins by birth; let me now prove how much I love you.'"

As Polly said these words, her pretty face was lit up with the brightest of smiles, and her voice had quite a touch of generous welcome.

"My dearest Polly, how good you are!" said Kitty.

"And you *would* come to me, would you not, and make this your home for life?"

"Well, you see, there would be papa and mamma, and poor Jenny and Tony. I could never leave them, and live in luxury, while they were poor."

"But we should never let them be poor,

of course—I mean my papa and mamma would not permit it. Even if you were not—all of you—the dearest friends we have in the world, blood is thicker than water, and has indisputable claims."

"Then how is it that neither your people nor mine ever take any notice of Uncle Philip?"

"O Kitty, you must not speak of him—indeed, you must not. He is not your uncle at all, you know, legally. He is a person whose name should never be mentioned; at least, by you and me, and young girls like you and me. We ought not even to be aware of his existence."

"But, since we are aware?"

"Well, then, we should ignore it. It is your duty even more than mine; for if the law had decided otherwise than it did, your papa would have been disinherited, and this man Astor would have succeeded to your grandfather's property."

"But this man Astor, as you call him, is my uncle, nevertheless," persisted Kitty, "and it was not his fault that his mother was not my grandmother."

"What a funny child you are! Of course, it was not; but a great many people in the world are victims to misfortune. It is the will of Providence. Why, it's in the Bible itself, Kitty, that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on their children."

"I know it is; but it seems very hard, for all that."

"But that is very wicked, Kitty."

"What! to pity Uncle Philip? Then I hope I shall be always wicked."

Here there was a little pause. Mary knew by experience that it was idle to argue with her cousin upon general principles, and at once descended to particulars.

"I have heard that Mr. Astor is a bad man; dissipated and untrustworthy; a sort of person quite certain to go to the dogs."

"Who told you that?"

"One who knows him better than anybody, because he has more to do with him; one, too, who is a great friend of your father's, and a warm admirer of yourself, so that you should receive his opinion with respect on all accounts."

"I would not believe everything Mr. Holt says, if you mean him," observed Kitty, quietly; "and even if he be right in this case, Uncle Philip is still to be pitied. I saw him once by accident when I was quite a child; so like in face, and even in voice and manner, to his brother, dear papa, and yet so different in their positions in life."

"They are different every way, Kitty, if you only knew them better," answered Mary, gravely.

"Mr. Astor is a *mauvais sujet*, a *vaurien*. Mr. Holt tells me he is about to leave England for good and all, to try his fortune in the New World; and, from what he said, I am confident that that will be a happy thing for all parties."

"That is what people always say when they have contrived to shake some responsibility off their shoulders," said Kitty.

"Nay, Mr. Philip Astor is certainly no responsibility of ours, at all events," observed Mary, quickly.

"I was not thinking of Uncle Philip, just then, Polly."

"Ah, you were thinking of Geoffrey. Well, of course I regret that mamma should have expressed herself in those terms to-night about him; but it cannot be expected that the lad should live at Riverside all his life; and since he has a fancy for the sea, why should he not indulge it?"

"But he has no such fancy; it is only that he feels himself a burden—or, rather, he is made to feel it—"

"I don't see that, Kitty; indeed, I don't," interrupted the other, sharply.

"Then you must be stone-blind."

"Oh, no; it is merely that I look at him with ordinary eyes, and don't make a fool of the boy, by pretending to be in love with him."

"No; you conceal your affection for him very well, it must be confessed."

"I wish I could return the compliment, Kate. You make yourself quite conspicuous by your attentions to that young lad. It is a very mistaken kindness in you—to say the least of it. If you mean nothing by it, it is an act of cruelty to him; and if you do mean anything, Geoffrey Derwent has scarcely a shilling he can call his own, and is not the sort of character to make a fortune, so that he will never be in a position to marry."

"I think this discussion is uncalled for, cousin," answered Kitty, drawing up her slight figure to its full height.

"You provoked it yourself, Kate, by reflecting upon mamma's conduct to Geoffrey; and while we are upon the subject, I would recommend that when your father comes to-morrow you should be a little more discreet in your behavior, for he has quicker eyes than your mamma, who has not such a knowledge of the world—"

"My mamma knows all that she needs to know, though she knows nothing bad," interrupted Kate, in indignant tones; "she is not only the best but the wisest of God's creatures in all that he deems to be wisdom; and I would rather have her good opinion than that of all the world besides."

"My dear Kitty, I never uttered one word against her (nor have ever dreamed of doing so), so you need not be so fiery in your championship; whereas, you did reflect upon the conduct of my mother as respected Geoffrey; she is not so fond of him as you are, but she has done her duty by him—and more than her duty—for the last ten years."

"Till at last she is getting a little tired of it," observed Kate, coldly.

"You have no right to say that, cousin; Geoffrey has been brought up like one of the family—just as though he had been my own brother; and yet he has no natural claim upon us—"

"For shame, Mary!" interrupted the other, indignantly. "How can you talk like that? Do you suppose I don't know how it all came about?—how old Mr. Derwent was your father's dearest friend, and put him on the road to fortune, though he lost all himself? No natural claim? Is gratitude, then, contrary to Nature?"

"What! do you call my father ungrateful—you, who know that Geoffrey has been educated entirely at his expense?"

"Heaven forbid! He is the most kind and generous of men; but I honestly tell you that I think he has done no more than his duty in paying for Geoffrey's schooling. Why, I have heard him say myself—and I honor him for it—that he owes all he has in the world to old Mr. Derwent; and what is Geoffrey's schooling out of your father's ten thousand a year? Why, not so much as he pays to his second gardener? I think it unworthy of you, Mary, to adduce such a thing as evidence that the poor boy has nothing to complain of in the teeth of the scene we witnessed to-day; I do, indeed."

"I think mamma was a little hard upon Geoffrey, Kate," answered Mary, slowly; "but not so hard as to evoke such indignation on your part. Of course if—at seventeen—the gentleman is your accepted lover, you have every right to be in a passion; but, otherwise, you had better been silent—at least to my mother's daughter."

"I am not in a passion even now, Mary; though what you have just said was designed to put me into one. If I know myself, I should have been just as angry to have seen any other person in a dependent position so contemptuously treated as Geoffrey was; but if I have said anything disrespectful of your mamma to you—though I am not aware of it—I am very sorry for it. It was altogether wrong of me, and would have been so, had I so spoken of her to anybody—far more to you. Mrs. Campden has been always most kind to me, I'm sure; and a kinder hostess to us all it is impossible to picture."

"Of course she is, because she loves you all; not that she does not love Jeff too; only, she has such a notion of discipline, and of boys making their own way in the world. I think the only exception is your Tony, whom she certainly does spoil; but nobody can help spoiling Tony. How you will miss him when he goes to Eton in October!"

"Yes, indeed; and how dear mamma will miss him, and, above all, poor Jenny! Something to love and cling to, and pet, seems absolutely necessary to her existence. She is herself so dependent on others that to have some one about her dependent upon her, is an especial delight. Papa says she has taught Tony far better than his masters have done, and that he has got into the upper school at his entrance-examination—he is but nine, you know—has been more owing to her than to them."

"What a clever family you all are, Kate!" observed Mary, admiringly; "I am quite surprised that everybody is not afraid of you, instead of you being such favorites. I suppose it comes from your having such a clever papa. I sometimes think that if I could wish my own papa to change in anything—which I don't—I should like him to talk, and laugh, and make everybody admire him, as yours does. Is he always in as high spirits at home as he is everywhere else? I need not ask if he is as good-humored. I cannot imagine Mr. Dalton put out by anything."

"Well, I don't say papa is never put out," said Kate, laughing for the first time, as though the topic of talk had begotten merriment; "but he is so soon all right again that we rarely notice that there has been any

interval of gloom. We have not seen so much of him at home of late as usual, and we miss him sadly. I am sure, so far as mamma and we are concerned, we would much rather that he was not made a member of Parliament, for that will take him more away from us than ever."

"Oh, but then think of the position, Kate, and the great things to which, in his case, it may lead."

"I am afraid I am not ambitious, Polly," sighed Kate; "and, from what I have seen of ambition in papa's case—that is, since he began to sit on 'boards,' which, however profitable, must be very uncomfortable, and to take the chair at this meeting and that, and to busy himself in public affairs—I think it would have been better for him to have remained as he was."

"But the law was not to his taste, Kate; and, though it is true he had a competency of his own, it seemed like hiding his candle under a bushel to remain a briefless barrister all his days. If I were you, I should be so proud of him."

"You cannot be more proud of him than I am, Polly, or so proud as dear mamma is; but, for the reasons I have mentioned, I regret, and so does she, I know, though she would never confess it, that he is standing for Bampton. Since he wishes it, we prefer, of course, that he will succeed; but, so far as we are selfishly concerned, if he fails to do so it will be no disappointment."

"Oh, but he will not fail—he is far too clever, and has laid his plans too wisely, for that; and, though it will cost him a good deal of money, it is most important to his interests—so Mr. Holt assures me—to secure the seat."

"Mr. Holt seems to have told you a good deal; I wish he would mind his own business. It is he who persuades papa to 'go into' this and that, as he calls it, and tells him of 'good things,' which I fancy don't always turn out as good as they look. Mamma dislikes the man, I know, and distrusts him."

"But then dear Mrs. Dalton is not a woman of business."

"I don't know about business, Mary—mamma is the best manager of a household I ever knew, which is woman's business, I suppose; and, as to people, though she does not talk much, and never says an uncharitable word, her instincts are always right, and in this case my own agree with them. I don't admire this Mr. Holt at all, and am very sorry your good father asked him down to Riverside, at least while we were stopping with you. I am not proud myself, you know, and care very little what occupation people follow, so long as they themselves are nice; but I am surprised that Mr. Campden should have so 'cottoned,' as Jeff calls it, to a man like that, who is also, I believe, a stock-broker."

Not a word was spoken for some moments; nothing was heard but the murmur of the weir and the melancholy "twhit twhoo" of the owls as they called to one another across the unseen mere above, from which it flowed; then once more Mary broke silence with, "What is a stock-broker, Kitty, dear?"

If she had asked, "What is a stock-dove?" the inquiry would have been pertinent enough to such a scene; but, as it was, the question was so ridiculously inappropriate, that Kitty broke into a silvery laugh, that woke the echoes; it also awoke some one else, for a window was thrown up immediately beneath that which the two friends occupied, and a thin but decisive voice cried: "Mary, your father says that there must be no more charades, if they lead to all this discussion afterward between you girls: I must insist upon your going to bed."

"Indeed, Mrs. Campden, I am afraid it was my fault, not Mary's," answered Kate, penitently, from above.

"No, no; I know it is not you, Kitty. Mary would sit up all night, and perhaps be no worse for it; but you are much too delicate for such imprudences."

"I'll have both those young hussies discharged in the morning," broke in the bass notes of the exasperated Mr. Campden; "their tittle-tattle robs me of my beauty-sleep."

"What a nice, dear old thing your papa is!" laughed Kate, as she and Mary softly closed their window and prepared to divest themselves of their borrowed plumes. "If I were a housemaid, and he in the same service, I should certainly set my cap at him."

## GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

### III.

JOHN GIBSON.

JOHN GIBSON, the eminent English sculptor, came to Rome early enough to avail himself of the teachings of Canova, who was then acknowledged to be the greatest living master of his art. Gibson must have resided here between forty and fifty years; during that time he executed many fine works in marble, which adorn the public and private galleries of Europe. It was in 1836 that I became acquainted with him, and about that time he was joined by a younger brother, Benjamin, who came here to reside with him. As both Benjamin and John occupy prominent places in the following anecdotes, it may not be amiss to give the reader some of the peculiar habits and characteristics of each.

John Gibson was of medium stature, spare but well-formed, with dark eyes, which had a concentrated and searching expression, abundant black hair and beard, with a complexion rather pale and sombre; although his features were rather sharp, they were fine, betraying in every expression the determined, patient, and earnest student. He was usually taciturn, and had a short, crisp, and decided way of speaking with compressed lips, giving the impression of firmness in his own convictions and opinions. Had you met him at Lady V—'s reception, or on the street, or at the Duke of D—'s dinner, you would have taken him for a plain, unostentatious individual, who cared but little what kind of im-

pression he made upon others; but there was a certain quiet air, which indicated self-possession and self-respect. He certainly was not a picturesque-looking individual, and had no regard for the color and set of his upper and nether garments, the style of his hat, or cut of his beard—in other words, not an artistic-looking artist. Out of the line of his profession, he could not be considered a man of culture, and in some directions was supposed to be of dubious faith; but, in matters appertaining to his particular branch of art, he had no superior if equal among the artists of his time, and, whatever doubts may have been entertained about his religion, his belief in the superiority of the great Greek sculptors was beyond suspicion, for they worshiped them with all his heart and soul. In his habits he was extremely regular, and in these he would permit no innovations. Rising before day-break, he went to the Caffè Greco for his glass of coffee and little roll of bread, which he dipped into it and ate while reading the *Deario di Roma*, a miserable little sheet, about the size of the *New York Herald* in its extreme infancy, but very unlike it in purport. By sunrise he was ready to commence work in his studio. At twelve he went to the *trattoria* of the Lepre for his dinner, where he would meet Peury-Williams, Macdonald, Wyatt, Thorwaldsen, Crawford, and other friends, who generally occupied one long wooden table by themselves.

Aurelius, the old waiter, would come up from the kitchen with their dinners on plates piled up, one upon the other, like a miniature mountain, and deposit unflinchingly before each one what he had ordered. The wine-boy, Carlo, brought to each a *mezzo foglietta di vino rosso* (about a half-pint of red wine), the cost of which was two cents. After the meal was over, Aurelius would take a huge pinch of snuff, pull from his pocket a piece of chalk, turn up an end of the table-cloth, and figure up each man's account. It was always a marvel how he could remember with such accuracy just what each one had ordered, although there might have been a dozen or more guests. This noted restaurant was directly opposite the Greco, to which most of the Lepre diners adjourned for a little cup of black coffee, and then went to their *ateliers*. Gibson was an early sleeper as well as an early riser; not even the splendid entertainments to which his genius gave him the *entree* could keep him from his bed later than half-past ten; he was always among the first to arrive and the first to leave, and could be met descending the stairs when fashionable people were coming up, his mind preoccupied with some part of the figure he was modeling and had left under the wet covering at his studio, wishing the morrow to come when he could again be modeling it into more grace and truthfulness. The dance, superb toilets, and supper, were of little account while the Hunter, the Venus, and the Pandora, were occupying his brain. Greek proportions, correct anatomy, faultless articulations, threw aristocratic titles and high-life into shadow. Gibson was in no degree a snob, and has never been accused of courting the great or of humiliating those inferior to himself. The most humble in art who applied to him for



counsel were sure to interest his sympathies and secure advice.

In his studio his manners and appearance were most unobtrusive, simple, and cordial. So little, indeed, was there in his looks of the great sculptor, that he has often been taken for one of the workmen employed in cutting the marble. As an instance *à propos*: One day I met him in his walk on the Pincio; he took from his vest-pocket a two-paul silver coin, the value of a franc, and said, in his peculiarly crisp and decided tone: "This was given me yesterday by a rich countryman of yours. I showed him over the studio myself, and, as he went out of the door, he handed me this; I took it, you see—yes, I took it, and mean to keep it as a pocket-piece and reminder of the circumstance; not very flattering, was it? Yes, he took me for the studio-sweeper and errand-boy, I suppose. Now, you see I must either have undeceived the gentleman and made him uncomfortable, or take his tip and pocket the affront; and I pocketed it—yes, I pocketed it."

Some few years before Gibson's death, Lord C— was in Rome with his remarkably beautiful wife, of whom he was desirous of securing a bust by the eminent sculptor. One day she accompanied her husband to the artist's studio, and his lordship sought an interview with him to ascertain if he would accept the commission. Gibson did not like to employ his talent often upon busts, and declined; the lady, however, joining her entreaties to her husband's request, the sculptor was half inclined to yield. Remaining silent for a few moments, he then slowly and deliberately walked around her ladyship, as if he were examining a statue or block of marble, and at length said: "Will your ladyship remove your veil?" She complied. He then took another circular inspection of the lovely model, and, facing her, said: "Yes, I will make your bust." And a very charming bust it proved to be.

Had his model been less perfect in form, he would have declined the commission at once.

But, before I proceed further with anecdotes of Gibson, I will introduce to the reader his brother Benjamin, facetiously called "Gibson's shadow." Benjamin was shorter and thinner than his famous brother, and by no means so good-looking. His figure was attenuated, and, to use an inelegant expression, scrawny; his tangled and grisly hair fell straggling over his square, bony shoulders, which were encased in an ungainly, loose-fitting sack-coat, while his awkward feet and hands were conspicuous members of a feebly-constructed frame. Benjamin, however, was not without cultivation, and possessed many amiable qualities of mind; and, if Nature in her physical gifts had been shabby toward him, it was not his fault.

Next to God and his brother, Mr. Benjamin worshipped the classical poets, especially Horace, a volume of whose "Odes" in the original he always carried in the right-hand pocket of his loose coat; and its weight, forcing this side of the coat to hang much lower than the other, added another uncouth feature to his personal appearance.

Whenever the brothers walked together, Benjamin was always observed to be half a pace in the rear (thence the appellation of "Gibson's shadow"), his head bent meekly forward, in unmistakable reverence for the transcendent genius of his companion and with a sense of his own inferiority. In speaking, his voice somewhat resembled John's, so much as a weak chest and enfeebled lungs would permit of—in fact, it was a thin imitation of his brother's voice, as if laboring under asthmatic influences. Both were habitually taciturn and cautious, and were rarely heard conversing with each other, although the strongest affection existed between them.

I will here relate a little adventure which Mr. Benjamin told me of in presence of his brother while we were taking our breakfasts at the Greco one morning in the early part of October, just after their return to the city from the mountain-district.

It was customary for resident foreign artists to leave Rome, if possible, for the months of August and September, and go to places not far away from their studios, but sufficiently elevated to escape the malarious influences of the Campagna. Among the favorite places were Albano, Aviccia, Nemi, and Castel Gandolfo. These small towns are close upon the borders of two charming little lakes, Nemi and Albano, with woods, and groves, and pleasant rambles in all directions.

From the village of Albano to the picturesque Castel Gandolfo there is a road deeply shaded by venerable ilexes; each tree, owing to the peculiar form the caprice of Nature has assigned it, is a study for an artist. Leading from Castel Gandolfo, on the right, may be seen a narrow road skirting precipitous banks, rich with varied shrubbery, moss, vine and flower draped rocks, which pitch wildly down hundreds of feet to the shore of the clear, sleepy lake. The ilex-covered way conducts to a Capuchin monastery, which overlooks the water lying far below, and is the site supposed to have been once occupied by Alba Longa.

Beyond this is seen ancient Tusculum, mingling with the distant Latium Mountains; while toward the east, towering above Palazuola, is Monte Cavo, with its cloud-capped peaks. The whole scene is one of the most beautiful in Italy.

It was in this quiet and secluded place toward sunset, on a hot August day, that Mr. Benjamin Gibson was found walking in the grateful shade of the ilex, with his beloved Horace in hand, his imagination doubtless feeding on pictures of other days, unmindful of a pair of eyes that were watching him intently from a neighboring thicket; but I shall let him tell the incident in his own words, as he recounted it to me in his high-pitched, feminine, and shrill tone:

"My brother John had gone to Rome, it being Saturday, to pay the men who worked on the marble in the studio, and told me he should return on Sunday. It was very hot, and I had gone up to the lake-side toward evening, and was walking up and down under the trees in the 'ilex gallery' reading my Horace—I always carry my Horace with me. I was walking, as I said, reading my

Horace, until it began to grow late and dusky; but it was cool and pleasant there, and I lingered, sauntering to and fro, and reading my Horace, when, happening to turn my head and look down the road, I saw not very far off a very suspicious-looking person following me. I didn't like his appearance, and I thought of my watch; my watch is a Liverpool timer, and runs on eight jewels" (here Mr. Benjamin took out his watch, opened it, and showed the works). "Yes, as I was saying, he was a suspicious-looking person, and I was getting a little alarmed; but I did not like to have the fellow suppose I was, and I still went on reading my Horace. I stole another glance behind me, and I found the man was gaining on me fast; he had an ugly look, and there were reports in circulation that brigands had lately been in the neighborhood, and had carried off a rich *campagnolo* to the mountains and demanded a ransom of four thousand scudi for him.

"It was just the sort of lonely place and time those *villians* would choose to attack a fellow, and I began to feel uneasy. I put my Horace in my coat-pocket, and hastened my pace as I heard the steps getting nearer and nearer. I knew of a short cut by a path through the woods to Albano, and I turned into it, hoping to elude the fellow, as I felt pretty sure now that I was dogged by a bandit; it was of no use, the rascal rushed in after me, and was close at my heels, so I turned around boldly and faced him, and—and—it was my brother John!"

John, who had been sitting by me, and heard Benjamin relate the adventure, now jumped up, and in his crisp, masculine voice said:

"Now, do I look like a brigand? Yes, Mr. Benjamin took me for a brigand; yes, he did, indeed; very clever, Mr. Benjamin, very clever."

Benjamin, in the mean time, indulged in a timid, shy, nervous chuckle, not quite sure he had not compromised the dignity of his illustrious brother by venturing to relate the joke.

One of Gibson's peculiarities was to act through force of habit, unmindful of any unpleasant consequences that might ensue. Here is an amusing instance *à propos*, as related to me by my friend Macdonald:

"You know," said he, "our custom, while dining at the Lepre, of breathing into our glasses, and then inserting our napkins and rubbing them clean, and running the prongs of our forks into the coarse table-cloth before using them; Gibson always did it, and you remember how he used to look across the blade of his knife on both sides, to see if it was greasy. Well! I was dining one day at Lady C—'s, whom I believe you knew when she lived in a wing of the Palazzo —. (By-the-by, what a beautiful woman she was! how bright and cultivated, and so kind to our artists! She always had a lot of them at her table, and Gibson, who was a great favorite of hers, was there on this occasion, and sat on her right.) As soon as he was seated, I saw him take his glass, deliberately breathe into it, and polish it vigorously inside and out, and then proceed with his napkin to clean

his knife and fork. Lady C—— looked at him quietly until he had finished, and then with an indulgent smile said: 'Well, Gibson, do you find my tumblers, knives, and forks, unclean?' 'Oh, dear, your ladyship, I forgot, yes, I forgot; I thought I was at the Lepre.'—'Thank you,' she replied; 'I am glad you feel so much at home,' and laughed and rallied him years after.

"While I am speaking of Lady C——'s dinners," proceeded Mac, "it was at one of her splendid entertainments that Horace Vernet sketched in pencil on a blank spot in the frescoed wall a number of horses in various actions, and with such masterly execution that Lady C—— would never suffer them to be erased, and subsequently, I am told, she managed to have the drawings by some process transferred to her album. Did you ever hear," continued Macdonald, "the story about her Irish maid-servant? You know Lady C—— was very vain of her fine figure, and dressed rather *décolleté*, exhibiting the prettiest bust in Europe. Lord W—— went one day rather late to call upon her, and Bridget answered the ring at the door. 'Is your mistress to be seen?' inquired Lord W——. 'No, your honor,' replied Bridget; 'she has gone to strip for dinner.'"

#### IV.

#### THE CHEVALIER C——.

AMONG the foreign residents at Rome whom I often met at the Caffè Greco was Chevalier C——, a Hungarian painter of landscapes and cattle. Although a clever artist, he invariably introduced in his landscapes one particular cow, and one particular tree, a peculiarity not unlike Philip Wouverman, who was fond of bringing in a certain white horse in many of his pictures. The chevalier was past middle age, tall and spare of figure, very active, and of cheerful disposition, and remarkably vain of the little English he had picked up during his travels, which he never failed to make a display of when occasion gave him an opportunity. We often met on the Pincio about the time the rooks seek their roosts among the trees of the Villa Borghese, and the bats indulge in twilight revelry. Upon meeting, he would make a very low bow, and, erecting his figure in a stately and pompous manner, commence speaking English in a deep bass voice, while his long arms and gold-headed cane worked like a miniature windmill, performing the most wonderful circles, gyrations, and curves, as he strode along. His manner and bearing were extremely dignified but very ludicrous, while his energetic gesticulation and conceit about speaking the English language correctly made him an interesting and amusing character. He told me one story so often that I have it by heart; it was about an English party who visited his studio. He related it thus:

"De English what come to Rome are sometime very curious people. Now, sair, I will tell you something about a visit I had three year since. I was sitting in my studio much distract, and interested upon a picture

what was on my easel, when sudden de door open widout knock, and dare come in, first a tall woman, like grenetier; next a leetle man, de husband; and den follow a young lady, de daughter. Dey come in and make me no salute nor notting, jeust like dey go in a shop. I make no attention, but proceed wid my work. Dey go round and examine de pictures on de walls, and make dare remark loud, in de English, which dey tink I no understand. De daughter she say of one of my best-finished pictures, which I paint for de Duke of H——: 'Look here,' she say; 'did you ever see, mudder, such a daub? Why, de man must be mad. See dese rocks, now; he must have trow on de paint wid a shovel; and de clouds is done like house-painter, and dat cow under de tree is all bones. Oh, it is dreadful, frightful, is it not?' Den dey see a picture unfinish, which was dead color, in warm tints. 'Oh,' said de tall grenetier, 'look at dis, now. Dis artist is quite lunatic; he make de sky gamboge, his trees nasty Sien color, his rocks purple and yellow, his cow blue, and his water red—it's a horrible picture, is it not?' De leetle man say nothing. I tink to myself de tall dame wear de trousers, and he much fear de woman. Well, dey go all round de room and examine all my tings, wid dreadful abuse. At last de young woman say: 'Mudder, don't you tink we ought ask de price of de picture? We don't want to buy, but it will be polite, don't you tink so?' De grenetier say, 'As you like, Susan; I no care.' Den de young lady speak to me in very bad Italian, and she say: 'Quanto costo questo quadro?' ('How much does this picture cost?'). I reply, 'Quella quadro é venduto;' and so she ask de price of all de pictures, and I say, 'Tutti sono vendute' ('All are sold'). Dey seem very much surprise, and den I say, in perfect good English, 'I am very much oblige for de honor you make me, and for your charming compliment.' While saying this the chevalier made a grand bend with his body, and, drawing himself up to a dignified position, with head back and both hands resting on the top of his cane: "'Madame, you say I am mad, I make my sky gamboge, my rocks yellow, my tree nasty, my cow blue, and my water red; I trow on de color wid a shovel, and make de cloud like house-painter, and I am very horrible artist; I tank you very much.' But dey no stay to hear more, and widout a word de grenetier march wid gran' step to de door, de leetle man follow wid his head down, and de young lady, red like fire, she follow, and dey vanish quick down-stair, as if they break dare neck."

The chevalier was a much better painter than linguist, a meritorious artist, always affable and polite, and much respected, notwithstanding his peculiarities. At another time when I met him, he spoke of the sculptor Thorwaldsen. "You know Thorwaldsen," said he; "vel, I will tell you, much as I love and admire his great genius, I am oblige to say, I tink he love money too much. For example: I was painting a picture wid some goats in de landscape, and I had work on de picture long time; it give me great trouble. I say to myself, 'Dare is something wrong in dat landscape, and I shall make it

better *coute che coute*.' I find an old razor, and I turn my eye away, for de fear I might not have de courage to destroy so much work; and I scrape and scrape, when just den in come Thorwaldsen. 'What de deevil you do?' he say; 'for what you spoil dat picture?' I reply, 'You see, chevalier, as de English say, I am in a scrape; when I find I don't make de work right, I scrape it out, and do de work over again.' 'Oh, but you be a fool,' say Thorwaldsen; 'why don't you sell it for a leetle price, and paint an nudder on a new canvas?' You see how much his thought go to de money."

When Turner was in Rome, the chevalier called to pay his respects to the distinguished landscape-painter, and went into enthusiastic admiration of his works. "And what you tink de great artist say to me for all my praise? He say, 'Go and do likewise.' Now, sair, do you tink dat was de right way to treat a brodder artist of good reputation, whose merit he knew notting of?"

Both of these artists have gone to the sunny land, and their works remain to determine the question of skill. The Chevalier Tyrlink made very honest sheep and cows, and Turner very dishonest figures, both of man and beast.

Of his great power in light and color there will be little dispute, yet there are few painters whose works have been more severely criticised, or of which there is such a diversity of opinion.

#### THE MILL OF ST-HERBOT.

##### A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID, AUTHOR OF  
"PATTY," "MY STORY," ETC.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### JEAN MARIE'S VISION.

THE wind was lulled; a sparkling shower fell, struggling with the sunshine which painted exquisite color on its glittering drops, and then the clear, joyous morning sun shone over the cascades, and the wood, and the mill, brightening the lovely landscape so fresh with the youth of spring.

One could see the cascades from the mill, but a little way through the wood there was a grand view of the leaping water, and of its onward course through the stony valley. Louise was too well accustomed to the sight to care to gaze at it. This morning she had in a singular fit of industry offered to drive the cow to the valley across the mass of rocks that cumbered the river-bed beside the mill. The docile little black-and-white beast went carefully over the slippery stepping-stones, and finally landed safely, but Louise caught her cap-lappets in a branch of one of the bushes that jut up here and there among the stones, and in seeking to release it, she entangled her hair and could not free herself. The only plan was to take off the cap and unspin the golden coils so as not to wrench off the straying hair fastened to the branch.

"Ah, how unlucky I am! I must roll my hair up again."

The fair hair spread over her shoulders, waving in golden masses in the sunlight; she couldn't roll it up with one hand; she could not lay her fresh white cap on the wet grass. She looked round her impatiently.

"I wonder where is Barba?" She whistled and then called loudly—"Barba! Barba!" while she put the pins from her cap in her apron-pocket.

Out of sight, but for the smoke that curled in a slender blue line from its chimney, was the cottage of a *sabottier*. It was half in the wood, half out of it; from it now came a small squat figure that might have stepped out of a picture by Velasquez. It wore a long, stiff woolen skirt, a large white collar, and a white linen skullcap, tied under its pretty round face.

Barba's great dark eyes rolled about in childish wonder, and then, as Louise repeated her whistle, she took her way gravely and steadily to where the stones were lower and easier to cross.

"Make haste, little lazy one," cried Louise. "My hair is unfasted; canst thou roll it up?"

"I can plait it." The little maid looked triumphant. "Have I not plaited a mat of rushes for mother? and rushes are stiffer than hair is, Louise." She opened out her square hand with its little fat fingers.

Louise laughed.

"Well, if I let thee try, thou must promise not to pull my hair off, thou must not pull as Mathurin pulls our horse's tail, when he plait it ready for the fair. How shall we manage?"

She looked about till she found a rock even enough at top for the child to stand steadily, and then she lifted Barba up, and placed herself in front of the child, holding her cap by its long lappets in between her fingers. Barba fumbled and pulled, and Louise gave little outcries of pain; but at last the short fat fingers grew more deft, and when Louise had parceled out her masses of soft hair into three long yellow tresses, the plaiting went on merrily.

"Thou must go farther away." Barba pursed up her little mouth importantly. "The plait is so—so long, and the hair must be tighter for me."

Louise moved, and in moving she looked across the river-bed.

A man was standing in front of her home, gazing at her so earnestly, so steadfastly, that the girl blushed and her eyes drooped in sudden confusion. She felt ashamed to be caught thus by a stranger, and yet she dared not move abruptly, for little Barba might easily fall from the slippery rock.

"Make haste, make haste there, Barba!" she said, fretfully. "Wilt thou never have done?"

"It is done now," the little maid said, in her stolid, calm way; "but I cannot pin it up, Louise, I do not know the way; let it hang down, it will not come unplaited, and put thy cap on thy head."

"Little fool!" Louise muttered, as she grew rosy with vexation—"to think that I should be seen in such a plight—and I believe it is the farmer of Braspart."

It was Jean Marie who stood gazing across the stony bed of the river.

The wind of last night had swept over Huelgoat with violence enough to threaten the roofs of the quaint old granite houses, and had rattled the branches of the trees as if it meant to send the young greens to join the catkins and sheaths that strewed the paths through the wood.

Jean Marie lay awake listening to the snoring of old Jeanne, who slept in a box-bedstead at the farther side of the room, and to the wind in the wide chimney. He was thinking of the widow Rusquec and her mill.

"It is possible," he said at last, "that now Mathurin has got so old, the woman may be glad to give up the mill. Mathurin will never tell me so; he knows he will not get so good a place at his age. It is a mistake to do the business always with him. If I did not dislike having anything to do with women, I would myself go up to the mill and talk to Widow Rusquec."

After breakfast Christophe formally asked his brother to set him his day's work.

"Thou canst clear the waste field in the valley, but thou wilt find it tough work, brother," said Jean Marie.

He stood and watched Christophe walk away with long but leisurely strides. He shook his head, but he did not smile. "It can never go on," he said; "I am a surly master, and Christophe is not a hard worker; we shall keep better friends apart. If he were at the mill he could manage as he chose, and I would give it up to him as soon as he had paid me the money I spent this winter on the new wheel. Ah! I have not seen the wheel since it has been fitted. Yes, I will go and see the widow Rusquec," he said, with a sudden change of thought.

He took his cudgel from the corner where it always stood, and set off at once for St-Herbot.

It was so long since he had visited the old mill that the wild beauty of the scene, drinking in the sunshine and bathed in the freshness of the recent shower, did not fail to reach him. Arrived at the mill, instead of entering the cottage, he stood looking about him.

Soon he saw the lovely picture opposite. Jean Marie had shrunk from all women except his mother, and at first he gazed with a sort of adverse wonder at the fair creature standing there in such unconscious grace, holding the white-muslin cap daintily between her fingers. But, as he gazed, it became more and more impossible to withdraw his eyes from Louise. Suddenly she turned her head, and he saw the soft pink on her cheeks deepen into rosy red, till even the delicate little ear which he had been looking at, as at some marvelous fairy production, grew almost crimson against the rope of yellow hair which brushed it as the girl turned her head to speak to Barba.

Then he, too, flushed, ashamed of having troubled this sweet, innocent picture, and, forcing his eyes away, he became conscious that the force needed gave him pain, and that a sudden, fierce hunger had kindled within him to feast on that sight again. But

while he stood possessed and troubled, Louise had turned to Barba.

"Here, child, hold the cap one instant;" and the golden braid was rolled round her head, the pins stuck deftly into it, and the cap placed on the top of all.

"Jump down, Barba."

"Thou hast neither kissed nor thanked me!" said stolid Barba, and she looked grieved.

Louise kissed the child's forehead.

"Run home—or, stay, I will help thee over the stones."

The sight of Jean Marie had brought back to the girl's mind Mathurin's news about Christopher Mao. She did not feel shy of Jean Marie now that she had her cap on; she was eager to make friends with him for the sake of Christophe, who was so handsome.

"This one is old enough to be my father," she thought, as she helped Barba across a difficult part of the river-bed. "I wonder if Christophe is really young, or does Mathurin call any man young who is not so old as himself?"

Jean Marie had felt that she would come toward him, and now, when he saw her on the slippery rocks with the child, he sprang toward her; but it was only a momentary impulse, and he stood still, ashamed of his own emotion.

Barba ran home as soon as she found herself on safe ground, and left Louise standing before the farmer.

He had never felt so tongue-tied and disconcerted, but his eyes fastened greedily on her face. He was surprised at the transformation. The lovely, glowing nymph among the rocks had changed into a demure, Puritan-looking lass. The enchantment was broken, and his courage came back.

"You are the daughter of Widow Rusquec?" he said, so very seriously that Louise felt mischievous at once.

"I am Louise, at your service, Monsieur Mao. Will you come and see my mother?"

She threw up her blue eyes with provoking sweetness. Jean Marie felt a strange thrill pass through his frame. He who so disliked and despised women that he shrank from any dealings with them, he, Jean Marie Mao, longed to take the pretty, smiling girl in his arms, and kiss those ripe, cherry-tinted lips that seemed to mock his longing.

Louise walked on to the cottage, and he followed. She looked at him shyly over her shoulder. That last dumb gaze of his had been eloquent. Living in such complete isolation, with only old Mathurin and the crippled *sabottier* to see her on working-days, the admiration in the eyes of this stern-looking, well-to-do farmer was pleasant to Louise.

"Is your mother within?" said the farmer, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes, monsieur;" and she hurried on to the cottage-door—"Mother, mother, here is Monsieur Mao: he has come to visit thee!"

The widow Rusquec had heard a strange voice through the half-opened door, and she had come forward from her cooking, for it was too early in the day for spinning. Her tall figure filled up the arched opening.



"You are welcome, Monsieur Mao; but you are a stranger at the cascades—enter and rest yourself. You will drink some cider?"

She pointed to the bench beside the fire, and took a gayly-flowered mug from one of the black shelves.

"No, no, I thank you, Madame Rusquec." Jean Marie had bent his head stiffly in return for her greeting, but he had not seated himself. "I drink only water at this time of day."

Madame Rusquec was behindhand with her rent. Had the farmer, whose severe notions of justice were so well established in Huelgoat, come to rebuke her? She waited for his next words with some anxiety.

"Is the new wheel satisfactory, Madame Rusquec?" Jean Marie had been asking himself what he had come to say. Certainly, now he was not going to turn Louise out of her home. The wheel was a lucky thought.

"We find it very serviceable," she said; "it raises twice as much water as the old one."

"Yes, yes, without doubt," he said, wishing that the girl who stood listening would join in. When he found she would not speak, "I will go look at it," he went on. "Your daughter shall show it to me, Madame Rusquec."

Louise smiled, and moved to the door. Jean Marie's "shall" did not anger her. She held the Breton creed that man is born to command, and woman to obey. She only saw that Monsieur Mao admired her very much, and she thought that, at the coming festival of St.-Herbot, he would be sure to speak to her, and show her to his brother Christophe.

In her love of admiration, till now latent, simply because it had lacked nourishment, Jean Marie's ardent glances had set growing like Jack's bean-stalk, and Mathurin's news connected itself in a strange, persistent way with the newly-awakened feeling. Perhaps the first strong, resolute wish Louise had felt was this craving to see Christophe Mao.

"Yes, Louise can show it." Widow Rusquec watched him out of the cottage. "What a strange, stern man he is, and yet he is a man to trust and respect! Ah, if Louise could be in the keeping of such a man, she would be safe. Holy Virgin! what am I saying? If a husband is good for the child, he will be sent to her. I have only to trust."

"You are fond, then, of the cascades?" Jean Marie said, as he followed Louise round to the other side of the house, where the stones had been cleared so as to make room for the mill-pool, which was rushing so impetuously over the dike of rock that spanned it that it was difficult to hear words through the roar of this smaller fall added to the thunder of the cascades below.

"Yes, monsieur, I like them. It would be very dull here if there were no cascades—the cascades and the *pardon*. Does monsieur like the *pardon* also?"

She looked up in his face with sweet persuasion. It had just occurred to her that this serious, sober man, who would not drink cider in the morning, might shrink from such gayety.

Jean Marie read her glance rightly. She was intoxicated with delight. She wished him to go to the festival. "I always go to it"—he smiled, and Louise was surprised at the lustrous glow in his deep-set, dark eye—"but till this year I have found little pleasure in the *fête*. Now"—he gave her an expressive glance—"I shall look forward to it as a great happiness."

"Mother!"—Louise came in alone and smiling a few minutes later—"the farmer has gone home, and I do not know why he came, unless it was to see me."

"Louise!" Her mother shook her head, and pressed her lips reprovingly. "He came to see the wheel."

Louise laughed merrily.

"Did he? I showed it to him, but he kept his eyes fixed on my face. Mother, he is not so serious as he looks, and I think he is rather handsome."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### LE MÉNAGE DE LA VIERGE.

"AND I say to thee, Christophe, that thou and the master will keep friends best apart. Jean Marie is good, but he is a hard master. He works so much harder than others do that he is never content with those who serve him. Now, my son, what more can I say? Thou hast asked me, and I say—work apart."

The old woman who spoke was small and bent. She had a dark, wrinkled face, small features for a Breton face, and dark, loving blue eyes. She was Jeanne, the only remaining link of the old household of Braspart, and she loved Christophe Mao with the doating affection of an old nurse for her youngest charge. She was a gentle, quiet old woman, much-enduring, and seldom moved into so long a speech; but she understood Jean Marie as well as she loved Christophe, and when the younger man told her he was fixed for life at Huelgoat she forced herself to utter this warning.

Jean Marie would have been troubled by her words, and also by so unusual an effort on the part of his quiet, docile housekeeper, for to him, though Jeanne was a woman who lived only for the comfort of others, yet she was to be respected for her utter self-abnegation.

"Jeanne is no fool," he said to himself, "and yet she never thinks herself wise."

But Christophe had been petted by women all his life, and to him Jeanne was no wiser than the rest; she was his old nurse, and sure to be blind in matters relating to him.

"Thou art croaking, Jeanne," he spoke gayly. "To hear thee, one would think Jean Marie was like one of the West-India planters that sailors of Croisic talk about, and that I should be lashed to death—besides, I am to have the mill of Rusquec."

A look of incredulous wonder lightened in the old woman's eyes, but she did not volunteer an opinion.

"There are tenants there for the present," was all she said, and then she mounted one of the oak benches, and lifted down a

skin of lard. She took a spoonful from it, and replaced it. Then she lifted the lid from the soup-pot, in which herbs and vegetables had long been simmering as it hung on the great iron chimney-hook, and stirred the grease well into the boiling liquid.

"The master is late," she said, still bending over the blazing logs.

"Yes, and I am hungry. Give me my dinner, Jeanne, as soon as it is ready."

A dog that had been lying asleep jumped up and ran out with a whine of welcome.

"There he is," said Christophe.—"Well?" He turned inquiringly as the farmer came in.

Jean Marie took no notice; he seemed occupied with his own thoughts. He seated himself beside the rough table, waiting for his dinner. There was abundance of homespun table-linen in the *armoires*, both up stairs and down, but it was only used on high festivals. Christophe went up and touched him on the shoulder.

"Well, brother, how about the mill? When am I to take possession?"

Jean Marie turned slowly, and looked in Christophe's face, to gather in the meaning of his words. The remembrance of their talk yesterday had been so overshadowed by the new feeling which now filled him that it cost him some effort to understand his brother's meaning. The point at which memory was most distinct was his own proposal that Christophe should possess the mill through Louise. A flush spread over his swarthy skin, and his eyes grew darker with anger.

"The mill is not for thee," he said, roughly; "it is in good hands; thou art wanted here."

Christophe stood with open mouth, surprised at this outburst, but Jeanne did not give him the chance of answering.

"Pardon!" She pushed by him with a red porringer full of steaming soup, and set it down before Jean Marie, and then took a long, dark-looking loaf from a basket, and placed it on the table.

As she handed another bowl of soup to Christophe, she said:

"Eat, my boy, for thou art hungry."

The peaceful look in her eyes quieted Christophe.

"Jean Marie is cross because he wants his dinner," he thought. "I shall let him come round by himself."

So the young man swallowed his dinner hastily and in silence, and went out. He had done a good morning's work. Why should he not take a little rest? Constant work was bad. Jean Marie had made himself a middle-aged man at thirty because he had worked too hard.

A little way beyond the farmhouse the ground on the opposite side of the high-road goes down in a sudden precipitous descent to the valley of rocks which is so special a feature of Huelgoat. It is not easy to descend into it from this side. The orthodox way to it lies at the end of the village past the old water-mill, and across a bit of rock-strewn waste land, gay just now with a golden wealth of furze and brown blossoms.

But Christophe was an expert climber. He slid down the craggy basin between huge

masses of gray rock twenty or thirty feet high, and, arrived half-way down the hollow, he niched himself comfortably between two rocks on a heap of brown heather, and lit his pipe. All about lay the gigantic rounded rocks. Above him was a little brown speck, a lark circling higher and higher to the blue sky.

"This is pleasanter than fishing," thought Christophe. He lay smoking and listening to the lark, and watching the thin wreaths of tobacco-smoke disperse as they tried to mount. All at once another sound mingled with the lark's song; but it did not at first arouse him. In his state of easy enjoyment, the joyous notes, sung in a clear treble, came as a chorus of his own happy feelings. He was too lazy to think of the cause, only he listened with more and more awakened sense as the sound resolved itself into a village love-song he was used to sing.

He raised himself on one arm, and listened intently. The voice was young as well as sweet. Christophe looked about, but he could see only stones. He got on his feet and looked down into the valley.

On the other side, approaching the bottom of the rocky dell from the furzy waste above, was the figure of a young girl. As Christophe rose up she saw him, and her song ceased.

They were some distance apart, but they were struck with each other's appearance. Louise said to herself: "This is Christophe Mao without doubt." But the young man only wondered who the pretty creature could be.

"Doubtless I have not yet seen all the girls of Huelgoat. There was not a woman on all the islands of the Morbihan to compare with this one. She and I must make acquaintance."

Christophe was not conceited, but a man who has been petted by women is rarely shy with them. Chance now helped him. Louise's foot slipped on a smooth, moss-grown stone, and she fell on the grass with a little outcry of pain.

Christophe sprang down the hollow and up the other side like a goat.

"Are you hurt?"

Louise blushed, felt her ankle, and then smiled at him and quickly got up.

"No—oh, no; only a little shaken. I came down to look at the *Ménage de la Vierge*. I have not peeped into the gulf since I was a little child. Hark! I can hear the water now."

The *Ménage de la Vierge* is one of the mysteries of the wild place. From the lake of Huelgoat the stream issues in a canal which carries water to the mill about two miles off, and also in a cascade which falls sixty feet, then disappears among enormous stones. But at the bottom of the valley, just below where Louise's foot had slipped, came a sound of rushing water.

"It is nothing here," said Christophe; "let me take your hand and guide you to the grotto."

"Thank you;" and she placed her hand frankly in his.

Christophe's heart beat more quickly as he clasped her hand in his. This was not the first pretty girl he had helped on her way,

and yet, as he now gazed freely at her, he thought he had never seen any beauty like this before.

"Take care," he said; and, as she climbed from one monstrous, rounded gray mass to another which looked more slippery, he pressed the girl's hand tightly. "Now rest a moment; there is a still more difficult bit to go over. Do you live in Huelgoat?" he added.

"No; but, if you knew where I live, you would say I did not need your help." She looked at him archly. "Why, I live on stones like these. I am Louise Rusquec, and I live at the mill of St.-Herbot."

Christophe felt full of delight; his eyes shone on the young girl.

"Ah, I might have known it! If you had belonged to Huelgoat, I must have seen you sooner."

"Are you Christophe Mao?" she asked; but her eyes drooped, and she felt timid.

"Yes; I am Jean Marie's brother."

They had reached the grotto. It was only a natural shelter made by the juxtaposition of the enormous stones. Behind rose the wooded hill, and about and among the stones the lady-fern and hart's-tongue showed wherever they could get a hold, and brambles and brakes clung everywhere. The rush of the unseen water had grown louder under their feet, and now, as they advanced into the cavern, the noise became deafening. They now descended to the mouth of the gulf; the stones were so steep and slippery, and the whirling rush of water so bewildering, that Louise shivered, and, terrified, almost clung to her guide. Christophe put his arm strongly round her, and drew her back from the edge of the gulf. For a moment the girl lay passive on his arm; but only for a moment. She recovered her scared senses and pushed the young man's arm from her waist, and began to walk back alone.

Christophe felt rebuffed, and for him it was a new and discouraging sensation.

"Can you get back alone?" he said, timidly.

"Yes, thank you, it is easy now;" and she seemed really anxious to escape from him.

"What have I done?" the poor fellow thought. "I meant no offense; I only feared she would slip into the gulf, and now she will not even look at me."

Louise thought in this fashion: "Ah, he despises me! He thinks me too free; he shall not think so again; he shall not even touch my hand—I will guide myself."

After all, it was much easier to get up the steep rocks than down them, and she climbed so well that Christophe had no excuse for proffering help. She stopped at the old place where she had slipped.

"Good-by, monsieur"—she spoke coldly—"thank you for helping me."

Her unkindness stung him to speech.

"Forgive me. I have offended you against my will. How can a man know what to do? Should I then have let you fall into the gulf?"

Louise felt greatly troubled.

"I have not blamed you, monsieur. I thank you—farewell!"

She spoke quickly, and hurried away without one look to warm her cold words.

## READING COMMITTEE OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

(From the French.)

THE audience that witnesses a first representation at the Comédie Française is generally ignorant that a special set of rules has obliged that piece to pass through a series of ordeals, of which the most important is the reading before seven *sociétaires*, who finally decide upon its acceptance or rejection. The convocation of this literary tribunal is always an important event. If I add that the stage setting of this Areopagus is most curious, that a singular ceremonial presides over its operations, and that the final verdict is delivered with a certain solemnity, it will be easily understood why I thought of writing this article.

The authors, and particularly those who are victims of this local jurisprudence, do not relish this ceremony at all.

"What an enormous amount of trouble you give yourself to decide upon the worthiness of a piece!" said once a disappointed dramatist to Regnier.

"Sir," replied the illustrious actor, pointing to the bust of Corneille, "you forget that the works represented here may figure on the bills at the same time with 'Le Cid.'"

At that period the reading-room was adorned by consoles supporting the plaster casts of the great classic authors. This gave rise to a *bon-mot* of Scribe's. He had just finished reading a drama, and the *sociétaires* were crowding round him to compliment him.

"I am glad you are satisfied," said Scribe, "but I am not. I am sure that Racine made a face several times."

These busts have disappeared, as well as a certain black-marble clock, surmounted by a bronze lion, whose fore-paw rested on a golden ball. Rachel used to say to Samson, pointing to the king of the beasts:

"That is you—when you are about to vote."

The apartment wherein the authors read their manuscripts (the one wherein the five acts of "L'Etrangère," by Dumas fils, excited tremendous enthusiasm a short time ago), is a room as high as it is wide, whose walls are entirely hidden by valuable pictures. Among them is a remarkable study which represents Alfred de Musset at the age of thirty. It is the only faithful likeness of the poet that is known to exist. Then come the "Death of Talma," by Boily; the portrait of Regnard by Largillière; and a large canvas whereon Geffroy has grouped in an harmonious composition the artists who composed the troupe of Molière.

Until 1874, the fate of all pieces read was decided by the means of black and white balls. There is a story told about these wooden spheres which have caused such bitter disappointment and such gratified pride, which I will repeat, without, however, vouching for its truth. Beauvallet, one of the celebrated actors of the Français, owned a little dog, which he always brought with him to the readings. When he was undecided, he

would take two balls of different colors and roll them to the other end of the room, telling his dog "Fetch!" The one that the beast brought to him he would drop into the urn. Thence the reply of an actress, whom an anxious author besought to intercede with M. Beauvallet in his favor the day before the reading: "I will give his dog a lump of sugar, I promise you faithfully."

Last year the system of balls was abolished. It was perceived that certain members of the committee took advantage of it to claim for themselves an indulgence that they had not shown. If a comedy was rejected by six black balls against one white, the voters would one after another take the author aside and whisper to him, "I was the one who gave you my vote."

And the unhappy author would retire, so confused by his rejection that it would never occur to him to ask himself how seven approbations could have been translated by six condemnations.

The rule which is now enforced, compels each *sociétaire* to sign a bulletin in which the reason of the rejection is stated. In this way all cheating is impossible, and the *sociétaire* is forced to listen to what is read, under penalty of appearing to yield to a foregone conclusion—not being able to assign a cause for his veto.

To return to the furniture of the reading-room. Two sofas and some mahogany chairs are ranged along the walls. In the middle of the room stands an oblong table, on which Picard, M. Perrin's usher, places, on the days of convocation, pens, ink, and paper, and the classic plateau whereon the thirsty reader finds a glass, a *carafe*, sugar, and a bottle of orange-flower water.

When Monselet came to read his "Ilote" he made a face at the innocent potion provided for his parched throat, and asked timidly for "a little drop of brandy." He displayed more presence of mind than another reader who was horribly frightened. The wretched man, who had to read a drama in fifteen parts, between each tableau dropped another lump of sugar into the beverage which he had prepared beforehand, and which he did not drink. So, by the end of the piece the sugar-bowl was empty, and the silver spoon stood in a pearly, sticky, and insoluble mass.

Beside the glass of water stands a sort of reading-desk in oak, on which the author places and opens his manuscript. Ah! if that desk could only write its autobiography! The inscription engraved at its base by the cabinet-maker who mounted it, "Michot fecit anno Domini 1819," shows that for fifty-six years this desk has seen all the notabilities and all the unknown writers of dramatic literature pass before it.

The *sociétaires* that compose the committee at present are, Got, Delaunay, Maubant, Bressant, the elder Coquelin, and Febvre. Talbot and Thiron assist at the reading as supplementary members, and vote last. These gentlemen sit or group themselves around the author in the order of their seniority as *sociétaires*. M. Perrin, the manager, sits beside the sufferer. It was formerly an imposing spectacle to see those auditors,

whom tradition obliged until very lately to remain cold and impassible, however great might be the tragic or comic merit of the play. Any impressions displayed by the auditors might wrongfully elate or discourage the author. That was what they wished to avoid. To-day that tradition no longer exists. The modern members have changed all that, and they laugh, yawn, or shed tears, without the least restraint, and the elder members soon followed their example.

After the reading, Samson was wont to be frank even to rudeness.

"Your style is too affected; and I hate pretension," said he once to an author of the artificial school. "For Heaven's sake, be natural! You must write as you talk."

"Even if I talk through my nose, M. Samson?" retorted the young author.

I will cite an event in the life of Samson which honors the memory of that great artist: In 1848, committees were formed whose directors were chosen among citizens of different classes. They wished the actors to take part in the affairs of the nation, and Samson was requested to come to the club where the directing committees were organized. There he was offered the presidency of a commission.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I do not wish to refuse my aid to the country; but I must tell you that I regret the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty, and that nothing can change the affection which I feel for that family."

This bold declaration, which Samson expected to hear greeted by murmurs, was received with loud applause, and it is said that a "Red" on the front row climbed upon the platform, and shaking the actor's hand vigorously, exclaimed:

"Citizen, you are a duck!"

A close observer has noted the attitude of the members of the present committee during the readings.

M. Perrin listens without moving a muscle. He gazes at the author as if he sees him for the first time.

"The person that discovers the least expression on M. Perrin's face will be presented with a rabbit," says the *enfant terrible* of the company.

M. Got has less control over himself. He laughs, and admires a piece openly; but he sometimes votes against a play after having shown signs of sincere delight; and a piece which has pleased him greatly when read to him in his own house, finds him rebellious when on the committee.

"The reason is," said the above-mentioned *enfant terrible*, "that he listens at the Théâtre Français for the benefit of the Vaudeville and the Gymnase."

It is probable that M. Got is affected by his surroundings, and that the farther away he is from the Rue Richelieu the less difficult he is to please.

M. Got is very plain-spoken and frank.

"What have I done that you should refuse my comedy?" laments a "blackballed" author.

"What have you done? You have written a poor play, my dear fellow."

M. Delaunay wears blue spectacles during the reading—rumor says, in order to sleep

peacefully without being noticed. M. Delaunay usually assumes an attitude of meditation: he sits with his elbows on the table, his head in his hands. Sometimes, without moving his head, he stretches one hand toward Thiron, moving his fingers feverishly. Thiron understands, and opens his snuff-box. He takes a pinch, inhales it without sneezing, and all is quiet again.

M. Maubant is the statue of solemnity. Thus must the Roman magistrates have sat upon their curule chairs. M. Maubant stares the author out of countenance. His eyes seem to pierce to his brain. He seems to be saying to himself: "Let us see if there is any good tragedy in that man's head." For tragedy is his passion, his delight. A tragedy enchants him, and the Alexandrines sound sweeter and more harmonious in his ear than do the songs of nymphs in the sacred groves.

"Maubant," declares Thiron, "is the last survivor of the tragic wreck. He would like the coffee in society plays to be served by Roman lictors!"

M. Bressant has solved a difficult problem. He succeeds in shaking his leg while slumbering, so as to avert suspicion.

The peculiarity of the elder Coquelin is that he never sleeps. He is restless itself, and yet never loses a word of the piece. He rises from his seat, but he listens; walks about the room, listening still; looks out of the window, but still he listens. He always can give a reason for his verdict, and can console a rejected author better than any one else.

M. Febvre is the best-natured and merriest fellow living. He is very witty—too witty, in fact; gets into a scrape with people for a joke, but instantly makes a better one, which forces them to shake hands and make it up. He laughs without restraint and sleeps without disguise. He likes freedom to enjoy and to slumber.

I pass on to the supplementary members.

M. Talbot sits in a heap; is generally thinking of something else. He has solved the problem of seeming to listen, as Bressant has solved that of seeming to be wide awake. And yet, what does M. Talbot think about? He thinks of his classes—of the young girls whom he is educating for the Conservatoire; and if by chance he listens to you, you may be sure that he is thinking less of your work than of the performance given by his dear disciples. He judges your piece from the point of view of those little solemnities. For the rest—good, conscientious, and honest.

Last but not least, M. Thiron, "a Prince Napoleon with his nose cut off," as Febvre calls him. M. Thiron is almost always in a sportive humor, and leans often toward his colleagues to whisper in their ear his reflections, which are always couched in picturesque terms. He takes snuff noisily, blows his nose with a trumpet's blast, and draws the portrait of the author, who thinks he is taking notes. After the meeting, the usher Picard gathers up these sketches and lays them aside.

The auditors have passed before you, dear reader; will you have the patience to assist at the procession of authors—the usual purveyors of the place?—I mean those who



have only to appear in order to conquer, to read in order to be listened to, and to be listened to in order to be received.

M. Emile Augier always addresses himself to those who will play his piece. His eyes cast the parts beforehand, and the *sociétaires* on whom they rest can safely say to him, "I am to act in your play."

M. Octave Feuillet is an admirable reader. He possesses to the last degree the rare talent of declamation. When he read his "Julie," every eye was fixed upon him, every ear drank in his words, and when he closed his manuscript the bravos burst out on every side. "We can never act your piece as you read it," said every one.

Alexandre Dumas reads familiarly and simply. He recites his work in his natural tone of voice, without emphasis. *He talks his piece.* A furtive glance is the only thing that draws attention to the more striking points of the dialogue.

M. Edouard Pailleron is another beautiful reader. This gentleman never fails to apologize, before commencing, for his awkwardness, which, however, has never been noticed. Every one now understands the meaning of this preliminary speech, which makes his triumph greater. Pailleron would do well to confine himself to reading superbly, and to omit his opening oration.

M. Paul Ferrier reads gloomily. The most absurd speeches, the most rollicking jokes, become tinged with melancholy passing through his lips. Thiron swears that Ferrier would make you shed tears over the "Procès Veuradieux," were he to read it.

If I look into the past, I find there dramatists who possessed the gift of declamation in the highest degree. M. Ancelot had a work read by deputy; it was refused with unanimity; he appealed from the first judgment, and read it himself; it was accepted with acclamations. M. Legouvé, M. Sardou, M. Cadot, and twenty others, whom I cannot name for lack of space, all know how to present their work in a superior manner, and to give their future interpreters at a first hearing a full knowledge of the different characterizations of their  *rôles*.

It is said that Scribe sent his manuscript of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," as soon as it was finished, to Rachel. The great actress returned it, with these words: "My dear friend, I have read it; it is very poor. Do not count upon my aid." The next morning Scribe went to her house, and read "Adrienne" with the incomparable skill with which he always recited his works.

"What could I have been thinking of yesterday?" cried Rachel; "it is glorious! Let us put it under rehearsal at once, and you may count upon another success."

It is unnecessary to add that for the works of those celebrated authors the vote is usually a simple formality. They have won the game beforehand. But the laws require a solemn reading and a formal discussion. The committee once played Feuillet the trick of making him wait for his verdict an entire hour in M. Perrin's cabinet. The academician was very much puzzled, and was beginning to grow uneasy, when the judges appeared in solemn procession, headed by the

youngest *sociétaire*, bearing a plate of large white balls. They had sent Picard to all the billiard-rooms in the neighborhood to borrow them.

I have not yet mentioned the very interesting legislation which opens to authors the doors of the first theatre of the world—the promised land for all talented writers—where the works are interpreted by a company of unequaled actors.

Authors of recognized merit, whose works have been played at the Odéon or the Français itself, have a right to submit their pieces directly to the committee; but *débutants*, and those whose works have only been produced at the theatres not supported by the government, are obliged to pass through a preliminary examination. Their manuscripts are submitted to MM. Guillard, Fournier, and Lafitte, whom I will call judges of the first degree. These gentlemen decide in their report whether the work is worth reading before the *sociétaires*, so that the candidates for the Théâtre Français are like the candidates for the Ecole Polytechnique, declared admissible before being definitely admitted. MM. Guillard and Fournier are dramatic authors who have given abundant proof of their competence. M. Lafitte, in his quality of a former actor, gives excellent opinions. He is the last survivor of the actors who played secondary *rôles* with Talma. It is said that one evening, during a scene with Mademoiselle Mars, his memory failing him, he rushed off the stage tearing his hair.

"Moderate your transports!" cried the stage-manager, "your despair will cost the management fifty francs."

M. Lafitte happened to be wearing that night a brand-new wig.

If the three judges decide favorably, a day is fixed by the director, and the author receives from the secretary, M. Verteuil, a letter, wherein he is requested to appear in the reading-room, armed with his manuscript.

As I have already mentioned, the committee is at present composed of seven *sociétaires* of the stronger sex only. Formerly, the ladies were also allowed to vote. Rachel, Anais, Aubert, Augustine Brohan, Madame Arnould-Plessy, and several others whose names I forget, formed part of the committee. But in 1855 they were excluded. The reason for this measure is easily understood. Some were absent-minded, smoothing their hair before small pocket-mirrors, or crunching bonbons noisily. Others, bending over an embroidery-frame, paid much more attention to the shading of their worsted than to that of the manuscript. I will not speak of those fair auditors whose votes were regulated by the physical advantages of the author.

Later, under the management of Arsène Houssaye, men of letters were admitted among the judges—among others, Philartète Chasles, Naudot, Deschamps, Avenel, etc. When the Empire came, M. Thierry, the new manager, inaugurated the present system.

Many of my *confrères*, with weightier authority than mine, have written articles and argued at great length upon the composition of the reading-committee. Several dramatic

authors—usually those whose works were refused—have risen in rebellion against this group of actors, to whom they deny the qualities which are indispensable to enable them to deliver just opinions. "And then," they add, "all judgments proceeding from interested parties are prejudiced. The actor who sees no *rôle* for himself in the play must necessarily be against it—without counting professional jealousy and personal enmity."

It is not in my power to solve so grave a question. However, for my part I prefer the present system—the best in one point of view, for the *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française, as they share the profits of the enterprise, must be governed, before everything, by the desire to produce good plays.

After having read his work, in the apartment which I have already described, the author passes into M. Perrin's cabinet, and, while the committee (of which the manager forms a part, with two votes for his own share) discuss the "fruit of his toils," he has plenty of time to examine the exquisite tapestry with which this incomparable boudoir is hung. But one can readily understand that, under the circumstances, the victim's sense of the artistic is somewhat blunted. He thinks of his approaching fate, and his eyes wander with unseeing glances over the valuable bronzes that load the consoles and the manager's desk, and over the sketches by Caffieri. He has no eyes for the gorgeous furniture, and if he looks at the antique Buhl clock that adorns the mantel-piece, it is only to find its hands of wrought gold insufferably slow.

The judges' discussion lasts sometimes for an hour—an hour which the unhappy author spends in counting the candles in the candelabra and in wiping his forehead.

At length M. Perrin appears, cold and grave as usual. Success and failure are announced by him in the same placid tone.

It is said that a talented writer of *vaudevilles*, who attempted for the first time a serious play, whispered to him before the meeting:

"If I am refused, I will blow out my brains."

The play was wretched.

"My dear sir," said M. Perrin, after the reading was over, "the gunsmith at the corner of the Rue Montpensier makes excellent pistols."

The condemnation is not always categorical and without appeal. Some pieces are returned with extenuating circumstances. They say of those works that they are returned for corrections. Certain changes are recommended to the author, who is allowed to read his work again after the corrections are made; but I must hasten to say that very few plays after their changes ever see the footlights. The return of a piece for correction is often a polite way of saying "Do better," or "Write something else."

As soon as the author knows his fate, he retires; and the committee separate after each one has signed the official report of the meeting. Not until the evening, if they should happen to meet in the green-room before going on the stage, do they communicate to each other certain impressions—which im-

pressions almost always concern the casting of the parts. The distribution of the *roles* generally takes place two days before the first rehearsal, and the actors must wait until they are officially notified to know whether they are or are not to play in the piece accepted by them.

The ladies are less patient. They torment the members of the reading committee, and ask them innumerable questions. It is generally in the Guignol that they give vent to their curiosity. The Guignol is a small room, built of light boards, on the stage itself, at the right-hand side. It derives its name from the fact that it is scarcely larger than the domain wherein Punch delights the babies on the Champs-Élysées. A large mirror and two benches are the only furniture of this small room. The actors of the ancient and modern *répertoire* await here their turn to appear before the audience, and cast a last glance at their appearance; there at the last minute the wigs are powdered, the patches set on, and a last coat of vermillion is spread on the lips quivering with emotion—lips that repeat, in a low tone and in spite of themselves, the effective speeches or sonorous Alexandrines promised to the public by the play-bills. This withdrawing-room has had the honor of hearing Samson utter the neatest repartee that has been heard probably since Champfort.

An author whom the great actor had blackballed that very day said to him, sharply:

"You voted against my piece though you had not heard it. You slept through the whole of it!"

"But, sir," said Samson, "in such cases sleep is an opinion."

### A NUMERICAL ACCIDENT.

"WHAT is a Centennial but a numerical accident?" said Orestes.

"It is a nation's birthday; I always keep my birthdays, and expect bouquets and presents, don't you, Orestes?"

"No; I only have one every four years now. They are getting to be very unpleasant reminders—they are marked by crow's feet, gray hairs; women give me the go-by; I have less pleasure in evening entertainments; the gas is getting to be of a poor quality, and my glasses are not so clear as they once were. I notice a marked degeneracy in print: once the smallest was so clear I could read it at any distance; now the printers are getting very careless. I cannot read it with my best glasses, and all because of birthdays! If anybody wishes to send me a bouquet, I will thank him to send me instead a good book (large print); and if anybody wishes to make me a present, I will thank him to pay the coal-bill."

"Oh, shocking, Orestes! If any one makes me a present, I wish it to be something perfectly useless—a fan, a bit of china, a picture, and, best of all, dear, perishable, fading, fragrant flowers; that is the very aroma of friendship, something which is ridiculously useless. 'Love gives itself, and is not bought;' a dandelion plucked in a walk

and sent in a letter a thousand miles is not a valuable object in itself, but I have known it to give more pleasure than a diamond necklace; so with gifts—they must speak the giver's love, not his wealth."

"Oh, what fools you women are, and always have been, and always will be! and yet—" (and here Orestes drew an old miniature from his pocket and, adjusting his glasses, looked at it with some difficulty, for they—the glasses—were dimmed with adjacent dew) "and yet I don't know but what you serve the purpose for which you were created better than if you were *not* fools; you can and you do make fools of *us*, which is not always desirable. Who said that women were born 'to praise, to love, and to pardon?'"

"I don't know who, but I know he said a good thing. I believe Lamartine said it of that charming beauty, wit, and genius, Madame Emile de Girardin. We praise and we love because we are women; we pardon, because you men need it so emphatically."

"I was talking about the Centennial," said Orestes, with gloomy majesty " (he intends always to do the severe himself). "Why do you go off about dandelions?"

"I don't know! I was thinking of the dandelions of a hundred years ago, and the rosebuds, and the beauties in flowered brocades, who, with stiff corsage defining their delightful little waists, and delicate lace ruffles shading their lovely busts, and soft brown curls hanging low on their foreheads, look at us from Copley's pictures! O Orestes! the beauties of the past, the beauties of a hundred years ago, where are they now?"

"Dust," said Orestes, "dust," and, as he said so, he pressed his hand over the pocket which held the miniature. "Do you remember," said he, in a softer tone than I have ever heard him use, "do you remember Story's exquisite poem, 'Praxiteles to Phryne?' If you do, repeat to me the last three verses—where he addresses Phryne, and claims art's immortality for her:

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,  
Thy rounded limbs decay—  
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail  
To bid thy beauty stay.

"But there thy smile for centuries  
On marble lips shall live—  
For art can grant what love denies,  
And fix the fugitive!

"And strangers when we sleep in peace  
Shall say, not quite unmoved,  
'So smiled upon Praxiteles  
The Phryne whom he loved.'"

"Delicious human touch!" said Orestes; "the sculptor, with the instinct of an artist, looks down the centuries for the spectator who is to sympathize with his work."

"No," said I, indignantly, "the lover seeks to charm the ages with the smile of Phryne."

"More dandelions?" said the fell Orestes. "But I do not intend to walk primrose-paths this morning. I intend to talk sense: I wish to know why you feel so little interested in what you call a 'nation's birthday,' and, more than that, why I feel so little interested in 'the Centennial.'"

"I think, in my own case, that it results from a lamentable ignorance of the history

of my own country; I know little of its military and social history, still less of its political history, and, what is worse, it is impossible for me to read anything with interest about it. I might be ashamed to own this if I had not so many companions in my ignorance. Why is it? Is it because our story is so modern?"

"Yes—partly. 'History must wait,' as somebody says well in the morning paper, but partly because no one has handled it well. It might be made picturesque, I should think."

"Yes; Hawthorne has contrived to wrest a gloomy, absorbing, morbid story, from the cold, Puritan soil, in 'The Scarlet Letter,' but then we should be sorry to pay for such an interest with such a tragedy often. Besides, unfortunately, that particular tragedy does not belong exclusively to any age of the world. I wish somebody would arise who could tell me the story of our early struggle, and our political conformation and growth, so that it would stand out, as does the story of Magna Charta, for instance."

"Yes; you want some one to stand up before an immense blackboard, and chalk out for you the outlines?"

"Exactly. I want to have the prominent facts put before me in the *Motley* manner. I never can lay down 'The Dutch Republic' any more than I could have thrown aside the most entrancing novel."

"Well, no one has arisen yet who has taken that trouble for you, and I do not believe anybody will. You have got to study, and study hard, to know the history of your own country. Truth to tell," continued Orestes, "there are very few picturesque incidents."

"Oh! don't you think so? I think there are many *incidents* which are picturesque, and which, if deftly woven in, would make the warp and woof most brilliant. Now, look at this, far back, in 1619: 'Hitherto there had been but few women in the colony; but Sir Edward Sandys, convinced that pleasant homes were necessary to give permanence to the settlement, induced ninety young women to cross the ocean at the expense of the company, and they were soon disposed of as wives to the settlers, at the rate of one hundred pounds of tobacco (worth about seventy-five dollars) each. The next year sixty more were sent over, and the price of a wife rose to one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco. From 1619 to 1621, thirty-five hundred persons found their way to Virginia. A written constitution was obtained, and trial by jury and a representative government became acknowledged rights.' Now, there you get two important political facts tied on to a very romantic story; for the idea of buying a wife, and a pretty one, for seventy-five dollars, is interesting. Poor girls! I wonder if they sent back pressed dandelions in their letters to England when colonial husbands proved unkind? What a romance is hidden under the political adventure of Sir Edward Sandys!"

"Yes, seventy-five dollars is a high price to pay for a wife. Why, Pocahontas was bought by Captain Argall from a tribe where she was visiting for a copper kettle. Her fa-

ther refused to ransom her, and prepared for war. You see, a copper kettle was a very useful article."

"Ah, dear, gentle, beautiful Pocahontas! How glad I am that John Rolfe came and married her for love! I hope he was handsome, affectionate, and true. I have always been afraid that after he got her over to England he became *désillusionné* of his aboriginal gem, and broke her heart by some inconsistency. She died, you know, at twenty-two."

"From transplantation, no doubt," said Orestes; "these wild plants do not bear the enriched soil of civilization."

"And then you know we might make much of the Dutch discoveries, and of Hendrik Hudson and his Half-Moon."

"No, I do not find the Dutch at all picturesque," said Orestes. "'I am from New England myself,' as Artemus Ward used to say, and I still look down on the Dutch."

"Well, we must skip the Puritan landing; that I know *ad nauseam*. I feel like the Fourth-of-July orator, who, having attempted to write an oration, and having sickened of the whole subject, said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I wish the Mayflower on her first voyage had gone down in mid-ocean!' and then sat down. You see, that subject has been done to death by inferior pens. It is cold, harsh, and forbidding; it is at the same time enormously romantic, heroic, and grand. Miles Standish bringing in the head of an Indian chief on a long pole to Plymouth, while Rose Standish, his wife, with red lips, was waiting to greet him, is a picture out of the dark ages. Yet I know of no one who has done it justice. All that Indian warfare, that early religious tyranny—how painful it all is! I do not love the Puritans."

"No, unworthy daughter of a noble stock, I know you do not! I suppose you like better that pretty, romantic story of Lord Baltimore and his agreeing to pay the king a yearly rent of two arrows and one-fifth of whatever gold and silver he should find; that pleases *you*, because it is feudal and fine! You women are all aristocrats, and love baubles, and titles, and such gauds; that is the reason you do not like American history."

"I grant you there is a great deal in that. I want my two roses, my York and Lancaster; I want my Eleanor and Fair Rosamond; I want my Henry of Navarre and his white plume. I own my weakness. I desire, with all a weak woman's love of color and luxury, the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Life is too hard, too self-sacrificing, too full of tears and self-renunciation, to be always reading of such a story as that of the Puritans. I believe in the iron-clad virtues, but I do ask for a velvet mantle to throw over the hard points: it is human nature. Yet see what a magician can do! I can read of William of Orange, as hard, and silent, and cold a creature as ever breathed, if Motley tells the story. I can read of hunger, cold, starvation, and cruelty, if Macaulay holds the pen. It is the *historian* that is wanting, I think."

"Well, if it is, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to invoke a Carlyle, a Macaulay, a Motley?"

"Yes, I think I shall; I wish Mr. Bancroft had begun just where he is leaving off!

What a story he could have made if he had written all his history in the tone with which he describes the battle of Lexington, which Emerson says he never can read without tears!"

"Bancroft has written an erudite history for scholars and thinkers; all American history has been done in that style. There are some admirable small compendiums, no doubt; but they are dry. And that reminds me—you have been engaged in teaching the young idea how to shoot lately—how much history is taught in the common schools; how much in the colleges?"

"American history? None at all! The pupils of the public schools are compelled to learn a little, but they hate it; while at the private schools there is no necessary course of American history. At Harvard College and at Yale the subject is not approached at all until the junior year, when the young student is taught the principles of the Constitution of the United States. He may graduate with the highest honors from either institution, and know nothing of that struggle, or of those well-fought battle-fields to whose baptism of blood he owes his very birthright."

"All wrong, all wrong," said Orestes. "Yet I do not know how you are to make the Bill of Rights interesting. Our political history, important, grand, and peculiar as it is, is very dull reading to the young, no doubt."

"How would it do to take up the story of the governors, beginning with that violent old Berkeley of Virginia, who in 1676 fined, confiscated, and hanged all the poor rebel Virginians? 'That old fool,' said the king, when Berkeley returned home, 'has taken away more lives in that naked country than I for the murder of my father!' Royal and dissolute Charles! he had not a hard heart, if he did lead a rather unkingly and unchristian life. I always admire Berkeley's old Virginia hospitality to Drummond, a republican. 'You are welcome,' said the old tyrant. 'I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia; you shall be hanged in half an hour!'"

"Yes, that was epigrammatic, certainly, and it put the poor fellow out of any danger of catching cold, or suffering from dyspepsia. Then you could have your beloved, long-haired Cavalier Governors of Maryland, and your crop-eared Puritans in New England," said Orestes. "I see what your idea is: you want to administer a pill of history in a large marmalade of story; that is a natural suggestion from the nursery; but I do not approve. I would have people made to learn history as they do the multiplication-table, or the French verbs. I would make the same rules as those which prevail in English schools. Imagine a young English boy or girl growing up without his 'Mangnall's Questions!' The young Englishman who goes up to a competitive examination is examined in English history, and nothing else, that is to say no other history. If he knows the history of England, he can do England's work."

"Yes, but the history of England includes the history of the world for a thousand years."

"And our own—so it does measurably,

but not from the stand-point of the American student. That long story of the Indian wars, admirably told by Parkman, *that* should be studied, and the young American, whose grandfather perhaps was carried away, an infant in his mother's arms, from Indian horrors, should know the story of King William's War. The dreadful incident of Mrs. Dustin is in the picture-books, to be sure, but what American boy of seventeen can tell that prodigious history of the years from 1695 to 1700—that period which includes Sir Edmund Andros, and the romantic episode of the Charter Oak, and the middle-age legends of Sir William Phipps, a sort of titled Captain Kidd, who raised plate, and jewels, and treasures, from the wrecks in the southern seas? Then, as if Heaven were angry with the poor colonists, as if a pagan rather than a Christian divinity reigned, came, in 1692, the story of the Salem witchcraft, cold, and hunger, and absence of all rational amusements. The short, dark days of a New England winter had sent in upon itself that introspective and active New England mind. I wonder always that such people in such a position are not mad. I should have been a witch-persecutor myself."

"Yes, Orestes, you would have been a good Cotton Mather, except that you would have never written 'The Wonders of the Invisible World.' You would have hanged and burned the witches, and have defended yourself to the end."

"Thank you, you are singularly complimentary and just. Why so aggressive? I thought I had been agreeing with you."

"So you had. I only thought you would enjoy the comparison."

"I do. I only wish to remark that if Cotton Mather had not hanged me, I should have shot him; it would have been but a matter of opportunity. But to return to our history. We could light it up, possibly, with Captain Kidd, a man who has found a defender in a learned judge of the present day, one who issued a brilliant pamphlet a few years ago in defense of two outlaws, Robin Hood and Captain Kidd, proving that they were but scapegoats for greater and less honest men. The Earl of Bellamont, for instance, was the real pirate, Kidd the fictitious one. It is a curious fact, this book—the judicial ermine defending two heroes of outlawry, and making a good case of it, too."

"Yes, such brilliant monographs would light up the dull pages of our national story very much; not, however, stories of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin—they have been done to death; we must seek new and unusual heroes."

"Sir William Johnson, and Molly Brandt, his wife, might help along a little, adhering to your idea of the pill in the marmalade, but I go back to the multiplication-table."

"Do allow me," said I, "a few eloquent words for Wolfe and Montcalm, those two northern lights shining over the fortifications of Quebec. That episode, not purely American, always helps me to remember the French and Indian War, and its dates."

"Yes, I see you like sugared dates, candied dates, jellied dates, but that will not do for the student of history. You must read



up, understandingly, before the Centennial, the political history of your country. You must not be looking for the picturesque. Now, there is nothing picturesque about the stamp act, and yet we must know that it passed in 1765. I often thought of those scenes of that disturbed period, when, during our latest war, New York saw her streets dark, confused, and in the hands of a mob. History repeats itself. The Vigilance Committee in San Francisco was thought a new thing, but it was not, it was a mere copy of an old indignation. Then you must begin," continued Orestes, "to struggle with the Constitution, you must follow the learned and astute mind of Mr. Calhoun, and the profound and eloquent words of Webster. You must read some of the thousand and one books on that important paper, the Declaration of Independence, which Choate said was full of 'glittering generalities,' and which somebody else said began with a falsehood, if it did not end in something worse. Men are *not* born 'free and equal.' We are all more or less hampered by the conditions of our birth. There is no doubt that some people are born under much more favorable circumstances than others, and, as for equality, there is no such thing. Then as to the great question of State rights, Confederacy, or General Government—although it is now a dead issue, see to what confusion it led; the hasty adoption of the Constitution, and before that the agitation in which the Declaration of Independence was signed, and we became the thirteen United States of America."

"No wonder there was confusion."

"You must then fight through the Revolutionary War; you must know all about the battle of Long Island, Cornwallis, and Howe; you must fight the battle of White Plains; you must see Fort Washington captured; you must occupy Trenton with Hessians, and cross the Delaware on the ice; you must recover New Jersey, and you must hail the arrival of Lafayette; you must adopt your national flag in 1777; then you must go through Burgoyne's campaign and surrender, and see Schuyler and St. Clair wronged; then you must fight the battle of Bennington with Stark, and read of our soldiers' patient fortitude and splendid patriotism; then be defeated on the Brandywine, and lose Philadelphia; read the great story of the Quaker woman Darrah, who did such noble service to Washington at White Marsh; then track those bleeding feet over the snow at Valley Forge; go through the dreadful winter of 1777-1778; see Baron Steuben arrive; then go on with Monmouth, Newport, Savannah, Wyoming; read how Wayne surprised Stony Point, and Cornwallis still master of Charleston; skip about in your geography—master the confusing details."

"O Orestes! cannot you let me up a little? How dreadful all this is!"

"Yes, but it is the history of your country, and you must know it. Bear with me a moment longer! See Congress hampered by want of money; imagine, describe, dwell upon that depreciation of Continental money."

"That is not so difficult to do now, judging by recent events."

"Then get to Arnold's treachery."

"I never could believe in the hanging of André; he was young, he was handsome, he was brave."

"And so he must escape. Never! it was a military necessity."

"Then why not shoot him?"

"That would have been contrary to the laws of war. Washington did right."

"I know he always did; that is the reason one cannot always sympathize with him! I like a little human infirmity."

"You would not have been here if he *had* had any human infirmity."

"Perhaps not; but who knows but I might have been in a better place?"

"Ignorance! A remark unworthy of an American citizen approaching a first centennial! Ignorance!"

"Ignorance leads to a want of patriotism, you were about to say, Orestes?"

"Yes, indeed it does. The commencement of the year 1781 found our affairs more hopeless than ever. You will need all your courage to read through this period; but imagine what courage it required to *live it!* Suffering in the field, disaffected men, mutiny; aid solicited from France!—Robert Morris! I declare to you, when I read *his* history, and remember the ingratitude of our government, I think we deserved, not success, but failure. However, let us skip now until we reach the siege of Yorktown and the surrender of Cornwallis; *that* you can read, can't you?"

"If I have not lost my eyesight by the time I get there."

"But now we reach what we were talking of before, and that is, the 'defects of the Articles of Confederation.' Remember, the contest between the State government and the General Government had led to Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts, and that other troubles beset the unhappy people everywhere. It was in January, 1786, that the initial movement of reform was proposed in the Legislature of Virginia, and Congress was recommended to call a general convention. George Washington was elected president. This body remained with closed doors over three months, and produced the Constitution."

"It was severely criticised, this Constitution, was it not? I seem vaguely to have heard so."

"Oh, yes! Alexander Hamilton made a speech of three hours' length before New York would listen to it. Madison and Jay answered objections from other quarters. North Carolina and Rhode Island accepted it only after some delay."

"Little Rhody was recalcitrant?"

"Yes. She has a will of her own always."

"But it was not until April 14, 1789, that Washington received an official announcement that he was elected President under the new Constitution, was it?"

"No; and in this fact of his being president of the convention before, has arisen much confusion. All American history is confused. It was a period of confusion. You need a good head, a clear head, and a great determination, to master it."

"I have got none of these things, but I remember what Webster said of Hamilton, 'He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue burst forth.'"

"Ah, yes, you can remember a bit of eloquence, and you can remember about Hamilton, because he was young, and handsome, and eloquent, and a genius. I want you to remember about the plain, unheroic people—the silent heroes, the warp and woof of a linsey-woolsey history! No brocade, no cloth of gold, no roseate tints of romance; but a fabric that was woven to last forever, to cover the freezing, to protect the lowly, to be a safeguard to the millions! That is the sort of stuff our Washington essayed to weave. If there were some defects in it, consider what an experiment it was!"

"The roseate tints of romance do come in occasionally, as in De Soto's march from Florida to the sea, in the study of Marion and his men, in the pages of Cooper, and in such sporadic novels as 'Horseshoe Robinson'—not to speak of our own Irving, whose 'Knickerbocker's History' is unique."

"Yes, as a work of humor, but I do not pretend, when I ask the young student, or the woman, to read American history, that there is much that is roseate about it. It is singularly difficult to make it interesting to the young."

"Therefore, we have no poetry of patriotism. I find nobody cares much for the Centennial, your 'numerical accident.'"

"Well, I think a mistake has been made in adding on a great exposition, for which this country is not ripe, to the political celebration, which should be held first at Philadelphia, then all over the land. We should speechify, I think; our great national disease ought to have an airing; and we should fire guns, have processions, and celebrate the day. More than all, we should ponder deeply in our hearts the price which these men paid for our national existence, one hundred years ago. There should be a thousand dollars offered for an essay on the decay of patriotism."

"You are inventing only a more noisy Fourth of July. It will be very warm at Philadelphia, proverbially the warmest city on the continent, on the Fourth of July!"

"Yes," said Orestes, gloomily, "and dreadfully crowded."

"But we must remember," said I, with a glow of patriotic memory, "that at the battle of Monmouth more perished with the heat than with the sword, and yet they gallantly fought it through."

"What!" said Orestes, "an American woman! and you *do* know a fact in American history! Why, I begin to have hopes of my countrywomen!"

M. E. W. S.

## THE MODERN BARMACIDE FEAST.

THE ignorance of English-speaking people who have traveled on the Continent of Europe, concerning what they have seen, and particularly what they ought to

have seen, is so well known as to have become almost proverbial. One thing, however, that they are very likely to become acquainted with, is the *table d'hôte*, if not to their heart's content, at least to their stomach's discontent. The whole Continent, as well as a very large part of the Eastern Hemisphere visited by tourists, is interpenetrated with the table d'hôte. It confronts you as you land upon the French or Belgian coast; accompanies you to Paris or Antwerp; follows you to Berlin and Moscow; to Athens and Constantinople; reappears in Cairo and Jerusalem; in Calcutta and Bombay, and will, in due time, be established at Bangkok and Singan.

O for an inn, or spot, or region, where the table d'hôte is undreamed of and unknown!

Unhappily, the boundary of civilization is marked by tables d'hôte, which makes the soured traveler long for a change, for a little downright barbarism. "To my mind," says a jaded tourist, "heaven is a place where emancipated spirits are allowed to dine *à la carte*."

Doubtless there are persons innumerable who like table d'hôte. There must be. Otherwise it would not be so largely patronized. Reasoning from within, I can hardly believe it. Outwardly observing, I am forced to accept it.

To be entirely candid, I have been told why the table d'hôte has attractions, positive and negative, for so many people. By far the greater part of its supporters (eminently English and Americans) are such from ignorance of the language of the country they happen to be in. The servants and *attachés* of the hotel they are staying at almost invariably know something of English, French, German, and one or two other tongues, which is generally convenient, often necessary. At the restaurants this is not the case usually; and the average tourist, even if he can command a few foreign phrases, hesitates to go where he may not be understood or accommodated. Ornithologically speaking, he regards a bird in the hand worth two in the bush. So he sits down at the table in resigned mood, although he may be sure that the predestined bird will be of inferior quality. Moreover, he thinks a dinner of that kind cheaper; and if he wants a variety, and does not know the art of ordering, it is cheaper. Then, too, the table d'hôte is at hand; it saves the trouble of going out, of selecting for one's self (the number of men, not to refer to women, who find it hard to make up their minds about anything, is amazingly large); it is imagined to be a guarantee against prandial disappointments and mistakes. Hence the table d'hôte continues and prospers, notwithstanding the weighty objections that may be brought against it.

An external reason—rarely reckoned—for its prosperity is the importunity to which tourists are subjected. Whenever they alight at an hotel (whether it be called hotel, inn, *fonda*, *allergo*, or *Gasthof*), the first question asked, and the last, is, "Will you dine at the table d'hôte?"

The servant who shows you to your apartment asks you; the chambermaid on

your floor asks you; the chambermaid on the floor above and the floor below, and all the other floors, asks you; the porter asks you; the *concierge* asks you; the proprietor, secretary, and his assistants, ask you; and finally a small boy, as you are stepping into a carriage, or going round the corner, runs out, and asks you in a despairing tone, as if his eternal salvation depended on your replying in the affirmative.

You are mortal, of course; that is, you are until you have traveled a great deal abroad, and dined to the deepest density at the table d'hôte. You may not wish to dine there; you may have a prejudice, or an excellent reason against it; you may hate to most cordially. But the wish, the prejudice, the reason, the hate is apt to give way, or be overcome after the twenty-fifth questioning; each questioning being put with greater anxiety, with augmented melancholy, with grander pathos.

You may answer "No!" on three or four floors; you may snub five or six servants with the negation; you may feel like answering the next inquiry with a blow. But when that inquiry is made, and you fail to resent it, and another and another come, your irritability abates; your heart softens. Before the small-boy period you are entirely subdued. You say "Yes!" to everybody and everything. You express, actually or mentally, your perfect willingness to dine not only at that table d'hôte, but at every table d'hôte in the town or country, while your jaws shall have the power to move.

Your process of mind is this: "Why should I continue to refuse these poor people? Their present and future welfare plainly depends on my dining at their table d'hôte. It will not hurt me particularly; I have done it, and I survive. I should be totally deprived if I declined to relieve their wretchedness at so small a price to myself. There's no doubt of it. The noblest thing that man can do for man is to dine at the table d'hôte when he doesn't want to, and the other man has the table d'hôte. That isn't very felicitously expressed, I admit, but the statement is noble, and I stand by it."

You may still be at a loss to understand why there should be so intense a desire, so determined a combination, to have you dine at the table d'hôte. "Why," you may catechise yourself, "should all the courtesy, tact, eloquence, energy, of every hotel I go to, be exhausted on securing me for the table d'hôte? Is that the chief end of European man? Can the five or six francs that I pay be so essential to the exchequers of the Old World? How can the small sum so expended confer so much happiness on so many people?"

After a certain experience you will, or ought to, solve the enigma.

The publican, in whose interest you are solicited, prepares every day a certain amount of food for a certain number of persons, who are expected to be at the table d'hôte. Supposing the number to be twenty: before the dinner-hour, or not long after it, twenty or thirty more persons arrive than are expected. Instead of increasing the supply, the publican judiciously divides what he has into twenty or thirty more portions, and the ex-

cess is provided for. This is easily managed, because at the table d'hôte the dishes are handed around, and carefully cut into such bits as you are presumed to take. You may think the bits very small; you may wish more; but you don't like to help yourself beyond what is obviously intended for you, and you are unwilling to rob your neighbor, as you will if you insist on your right, or if you appease your appetite, which is the same thing. Whatever is prescribed you accept. You fall in with tyrannic custom, and hold your peace. You may ask for the same thing a second time, but it is not to be had. No dish is replenished. When it has once passed you have lost your chance. You soon learn the inexorable destiny of the dinner, and you surrender hope.

By this arrangement the publican clears five francs—the general rate for such a dinner—per head for every man, woman, or child, above the given number whom he induces to patronize his table. He makes preparation for thirty, and obtains sixty. That is a clear profit of one hundred and fifty francs, in addition to his profit on the other thirty; and one hundred and fifty francs is a great deal of money to make in a day, upon a single transaction, in the Old World. Is it strange that so much influence and force is brought to bear upon travelers capable of being secured for the table d'hôte? Each one carries in his purse five francs, which may be gained or lost by a certain amount of diligence and perseverance exercised or restrained. No wonder the importunity is continuous, variable, versatile, and vexatious!

The table d'hôte was primarily set up—such was the assumption, at least—for the convenience, economy, and accommodation of patrons of hotels. It is now, and has long been, employed for the special benefit of the hotel-keeper, who takes it ill that any one putting up at his house should dine elsewhere, or even under his own roof, in any other than the appointed way. He has come to look upon a dinner not eaten at his table d'hôte as a specific loss to him, and upon such a diner, in a certain sense, as a filcher from his anticipated and regular receipts. He wants to coerce his customers gently if he can, rudely if he must. In some parts of the Continent he makes an extra charge in the bill to those who decline table d'hôte. He also parades a notice in the dining-hall that any dinner ordered before or after the regular dinner will cost two or three or four francs or lire more than that, never suspecting that such notice has a tendency to drive his patrons to a restaurant, where they will be likely to go afterward. Even when no notice is given, tourists who dine *à la carte* are apt to find, on or after settling their account, that it contains items that should not be there. This is the effort of the landlord to make up dishonestly what he deems himself entitled to for failure to be at the table d'hôte. Such failure is so frequently accompanied with unpleasant consequences to travelers that many of them are dragged into attendance. They hold it to be inexpedient not to do what the innkeeper obviously wants they should do, and so they conform. In other words, they consult their interests

by not consulting their appetite. I have heard them say: "One must go to the table d'hôte, whether one eats at it or not, if one wishes to travel comfortably; otherwise one is having perpetual trouble about bills and things. It is cheaper in the long-run to pay five francs for sitting at the table d'hôte, and to dine elsewhere afterward, than to avoid it altogether."

I hold another opinion. My experience is different. I do not believe that a tourist, more than any other person, should buy or accept what he does not like or has no inclination to. Though I may appear singular, I am convinced that hotels were made for travelers, not travelers for hotels. You may have considerable friction at first, but, when you have clearly shown your independence of innkeepers (they are prone to think, on the Continent, that the traveling public, notably the English-speaking portion, is wholly dependent on them), they let you go your own way without murmur or imposition, and have increased respect for you besides.

Keep away from the table d'hôte if it pleases you not, and boldly take the financial or other responsibility.

This may sound oddly to stay-at-home folk, who are unaware how many wanderers in Europe, particularly the English, depart from their disposition in this respect in order to insure smoothness. There are a great many tourists who relish the table d'hôte, which is really a convenience, a necessity, in countries like Switzerland, where there are hardly any large cities. To them, of course, these remarks are not addressed. But there are many more tourists who make themselves uncomfortable, and put themselves to trouble, by going to the table d'hôte, because they think it is expected of them. The fixed hour often compels them to return to the hotel when they don't want to, or when they are a great distance off, and interferes with their sight-seeing in various ways. The quality of the dinner is seldom satisfactory, and the variety of nothings is euepeptically injurious. Moreover, the company is not likely to be pleasant. It is generally composed of entire strangers; and, unfortunately, the least agreeable or desirable part of them are inclined to make acquaintances. The persons best worth knowing are almost invariably retiring, and not accessible save through the regular social channels.

The best of a table d'hôte is its appearance when you sit down to it. It is usually neat, well arranged, often inviting. It is not always positively bad; on the contrary, it is sometimes good for a few days, or even weeks. Its most marked defect is its monotony; soon deplorable, finally detestable. It is almost precisely the same, whether in Marseilles or Algiers, Amsterdam or Hamburg, Dresden or Odessa, Modena or Valetta, Madrid or Alexandria. The table is set the same way; the dishes look alike; there are the same artificial flowers in the same kind of vases; the chairs are placed at exactly the same angle; the knives and forks and spoons are all old acquaintances. The uniformity proves incontestably the world's homogeneity.

And then the viands. Any variation in them is rank prandial heresy. First is the soup, a thin, undecided compound, which is little else than warm, greasy water. This is succeeded by some sort of fish, insipid but mysterious of flavor. What kind it is, may be, might be, could, would, or should be, you can't tell, nor can any of the servants. They are either profoundly ignorant or obstinately non-committal. I have had ample piscatorial gustation. I have eaten everything between whitebait and our own Spanish mackerel, king of aquatic delicacies; but I have rarely been able to determine the species offered me on the Continent. I have lain awake at night speculating on the subject, though to no purpose.

Next comes an *entrée*, usually a very small, dry cutlet, that has no particular taste, trimmed round with dismal potatoes, appealing to human sympathy in vain. A roast follows, with more potatoes in another form, though still melancholy, and sprinkled with greenness. Then looms up the solitary vegetable (Continentalists never will learn that other vegetables than potatoes should be concomitant), as free from savor as peas, beans, or cauliflower can be made and retain existence. This dish is ever a triumph of culinary stupidity. Wonderful to relate, you always remember it, though there is absolutely nothing to remember it by. As an esculent, it is a near kinsman to vacuity; as a mnemonic agent, it is a curiosity. The eternal fowl comes, pursued by a lettuce salad, liberally oiled to aid and encourage deglutition, which otherwise might not be accomplished.

After these are sweets of some kind—pudding, or *blanc-mange*, or diminutive tarts, wearisome to the palate—the performance closing with the little farce of fruits and nuts. So they are called, though no fruit nor nut of established position would dream of recognizing such arrant pretenders. They are funny, if they are not good. They consist generally of a few pretty hard, worm-eaten apples, insignificant, desiccated oranges, apricots, or bananas, which starvation alone would render tempting. As nobody eats them, they are allowed to remain on the table as symbols of what they ought to be. Consequently, they do duty for weeks at a time, and materially help to abate the appetite of new-comers.

Such a dinner might be tolerated now and then, but to have it thirty times a month, and in all countries, climes, and conditions, has a tendency to produce satiety. I have heard American women, during protracted European tours, pine for ice-water and hash, and American men declare they never could see a head of lettuce without mortification, or encounter the full gaze of a fowl, so continuous had been their consumption of both. A table d'hôte would not be objectionable occasionally, if it would only furnish something to eat. The service is good, trustworthy, and industrious; the dishes are clean, abundant, and circulating; but they bear little else than emptiness and insipidity.

Nothing can be much more dreary or funereal than a table d'hôte under ordinary circumstances, particularly if you be alone. As has been said, the diners are generally and

naturally complete strangers. If they be well-bred, they are reserved and reticent. Nobody speaks to anybody, therefore nobody replies. Amid the awful, indeed the audible, silence the dishes go round and round with little on them, that little becoming steadily less, until the period for the formal, fictitious fruits and nuts is reached, when each guest solemnly shakes his or her head, rises from the table with a stare of physical vacuity and mental relief, and retires gloomily yet gladly from the modern realization of the Barmecide feast.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

## A TANDEM TRIP UNDERGROUND.

"WE ride at midnight, sharp; therefore be punctual," said the mining engineer to my friend B—and myself, in the market-place of South Shields, as the clock of St. Hilda's church was striking the hour of 2 P. M.

"All right, we shall be there in time," said B—; and the engineer left us.

B— was a well-known coal-shipper on the Quay-Side, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and he and I had come down the river to Shields, by invitation, to inspect the underground workings of two celebrated collieries of that place.

"Were you ever down a coal-pit before?" B— asked me, with an amusing expression of sadness.

"Yes, several."

"But not so deep as St. Hilda pit?"—pointing to the huge, black, conglomerate pile of coals, buildings, chimneys, gearing, and machinery, three hundred yards distant.

"No, not so deep as St. Hilda's," I replied.

"Do you know," he continued, "that, two or three years before the Crimean War broke out, the late Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, visited St. Hilda's colliery with several aristocratic and mining celebrities of Tyne-side?"

"I have heard of the visit."

"Do you know that when he looked into the yawning, black mouth of the shaft, and saw the hot smoke come belching up, his courage failed him, and he nervously excused himself from descending?"

"So I have been informed."

"It's the smoke from that horrid colliery, situated in the very centre of the town, that has earned for Shields the sobriquet of 'Smoky.' You should be here in a damp day! Faugh, it's horrible! After all," he proceeded, with a sort of *Sir Charles Coldstream* air, "is there anything really worth seeing 'in a coal-mine underneath the ground,' old fellow?"

B— had been born and reared among collieries, and yet he had no lucid idea of a coal-mine, or, for that matter, any curiosity on the subject. And the patient explorer will be surprised to discover that, in slightly-varying degrees, this ignorance and incuriosity pervade the "surface-man" in all the coal-districts of England and Wales, as well



as Scotland and Belgium. The farmer who cultivates the soil beneath which the miner burrows; the tradesman who supplies the miner's domestic wants; the schoolmaster who educates the future miner; the temperance exhorter, and the parson who rebukes the miner for sins of omission and commission; and the public generally, who, directly or indirectly, benefit by the miner's industry, have only the vaguest ideas of the manner in which he pursues his onerous avocation to supply them with the indispensable "black diamonds."

It is a beautiful moonlight night when B—and I are admitted by the gate-keeper into the extensive yard of the colliery. The ground is covered with a network of tramways, occupied by lines of full and empty wagons. On the left are the company's offices and weighing-stations. In front are the immense sloping screens, for "classifying" the coal, surmounted by the engine and "tally"-houses; while high above all are the two immense wheels of cast and wrought iron, over which the long iron-wires rope run from the gigantic winding-drums to the bottom of the shaft. To reach the "mouth of the pit" we ascend a ladder forty feet high, and find ourselves on the platform near the smoking orifice, while all round are tramways leading to screens occupied by smaller wagons than we saw below.

Our former acquaintance, the mining engineer, Mr. May, invites us to doff our upper-world clothing, and assume the well-soiled suits of blue flannel provided for visitors; and when our hats have been replaced by tight-fitting skullcaps made of thick sole-leather, and which resemble nothing so much as mammoth cocoanuts, we are ready for the descent.

"What makes so much smoke come up the shaft?" B— asks the engineer.

"It's from the furnace," the official explains. "You see, St. Hilda here is the up-cast shaft, and Harton colliery, three miles south, is the down-cast shaft. We shall come up at Harton."

"Come up at Harton!" B— repeats with a gasp. "I don't fancy I'd care to travel that far—underground."

In short, B— suddenly becomes a convert to the opinions of the apprehensive czar, and we leave him and take our places in the "cage." The "cage," as it is called, is neither more nor less than a strongly-constructed, soot-begrimed "elevator," such as we see in our hotels and business-houses; but, instead of cushioned seats and carpeted floor, its floor is occupied by two sections of iron tramways, to coincide with the tramways at bank and bottom. The sides are formed of iron rails, and the roof is so low that a medium-sized man is compelled to stoop. The mouth of the mine is twelve feet square, and is divided into two compartments, one of which is now occupied by the "cage" in which we are standing.

The smoke rises in a suffocating stream, and the roof and sides of the "cage" are literally dripping with the offensively odorous "patent grease" with which the grooves or conductors on each side are lubricated. There is a moment of nervous suspense—insepa-

rable from the position—as we stand there awaiting the lowering signal. The reflection will intrude itself that from our feet to the bottom of the mine there is a perpendicular black hole of over twelve hundred feet—or more than four times the height of Trinity-Church steeple, New York.

In what seems to be a quarter of an hour—but which is really within two minutes—we hear the bell in the engine-house. The man below, who freights the "cage" with its wagons or "humans," as the case may be, has signaled. Mr. May responds, "All right," and instantly we are shooting rapidly down the dark, smoky shaft. The sensation is as if one were ascending instead of descending; and the illusion is heightened by the blackness of darkness that envelops us. There is a sudden rush of air as of the wings of some fleet-flying monster, when the other "cage" sweeps past us in its upward course. There is nothing that can properly be termed noise in our rapid descent, yet there is a disagreeable, hustling sensation from the grooves that sounds like escaping steam. Suddenly we are surrounded by light, and almost simultaneously we are at the bottom of the shaft. We step out of the "cage" and find ourselves in the centre of a vast, vaulted chamber, whose massive and rugged pillars uphold a roof fully twelve feet high. There are wagons and tramways on the floor, and horses drawing other wagons emerging from the gloom of two caverns in the distance; there are several half-naked men moving about, and dogs barking; and the whole scene is bathed in a fierce, lurid glare from the adjoining furnace, that would have delighted the eye of Salvator Rosa.

There is no smoke here, for the furnace is eighty yards distant, and connects with the shaft by a slanting tunnel some twenty yards above us. But it is unpleasantly warm—the thermometer indicating 80°, while at the bank it was barely 60°. We thread our way among the wagons and inspect the furnace. It is a gigantic coal-fire, built upon an elevated grate, surrounded but not touched by natural pillars of magnesian limestone, and consumes about ten tons of coal per day.

"It is the suction of this furnace, combined with the fan-blast at the bottom of Harton shaft, that ventilates the whole mine," the viewer explains, as we walk along. In reply to other questions, he states that the mine is worked on the "long-wall" principle, and that the mainways and drivings extend a mile under the sea.

A hundred yards farther along this lofty, double tramway, we reach the stables, which contain over a hundred horses and ponies. Oil-lamps dimly illumine well-appointed and scrupulously-clean rows of stalls, in which sleek, well-conditioned animals stand munching their grain. We pass along behind them, but not a horse has the curiosity to look round, although the "keeper" carries a bright light. Opening a door, we enter another stable, where every horse is lying down in his stall.

"We will not disturb them," says the kind-hearted viewer; "you see they work their 'shifts' and bait and sleep just the same as the men; and so it becomes natural to

them, for there is neither day nor night down here. When a horse once comes down the pit, he is never sent to bank again alive; for the poor things soon become blind for want of sunlight—"

"Poor brutes! that explains their unquivering docility."

"Yes; they become stone-blind," he continues; "every horse and every pony in the mine is stone-blind."

There are scores of rats scurrying about—some in the mangers, sharing with impunity the food of the sightless horses—some rustling among the hay and straw, and none appearing much alarmed at our approach.

"I suppose they came down originally among the hay or straw," the viewer explains. "There are tens of thousands of them in the workings; every manger throughout the entire mine is infested by them;" and it has been just the same, the old horse-keeper states, for fifty years past. Their numbers do not seem to increase, probably from the fact that they have cannibal propensities and banquet on each other. A lame or otherwise indisposed rodent is instantly set upon by his subterranean fellows and his bones picked. By some optical privilege, which scientists can probably explain, the rat, unlike the horse, does not become blind when deprived of the daylight, but remains as watchful, cunning, and destructive, as when foraging on the earth's surface.

On the tramway outside a rustic, double-seated chariot awaits us. Hitched to it, tandem fashion, are two handsome chestnut ponies. The viewer and I occupy the rear seat, the driver sits in front, and a bright oil-lamp lightens the gloom for a few feet on either side. The ponies start at a brisk pace in a southeasterly direction, along a "driving" cut through the limestone. Every fifty yards or so there is a recess, or "man-hole," where the miners passing to or from work retire for safety when wagons are passing. After traveling about a mile, we reach a massive door that completely closes the way. It is guarded by a watchman, who busies himself in cleaning and polishing the scores of safety lamps that occupy a table in a recess outside. Every miner, as he passes in to his work, after satisfying the watchman that he has no "key or contrivance for opening the lock of the safety-lamp, or any lucifer match or apparatus of any kind for striking a light," receives a locked and lighted lamp, which, on returning from work, he again leaves with the watchman.

The grim and silent Cerberus makes no response to the viewer's salutation. He takes our oil-lamp, extinguishes it, hands us two Davy lamps, opens the massive door, and we proceed.

"Tom Hall, the watchman we have just passed, is a curious, taciturn fellow," says the viewer. "When he first went courting his wife, he sat a whole Saturday night with Sallie without being able to think of a suitable form of words wherewith to address her. The girl herself was equally silent, and she sat patiently watching him with demure surprise. At last Tom suddenly exclaimed, 'Sallie, there's a feather on your apron!' 'I wouldn't have wondered if there'd been

two," replied Sallie, "for I've been sitting beside a goose all night!"

The wire-gauze-covered Davy lamps shed a dim, funereal light as we hurl along the breast of a ten-foot coal-seam. Still in the same southeasterly direction we travel another mile, passing several horses and wagons as we proceed, until we reach the district where the miners are at work. The viewer and I descend, and pass successively into several "boards," where the men are undermining the coal-face with the pick, and then loosening it with hammer and wedge. The viewer holds his Davy lamp close to the coal-face. Instantly the wire-gauze inside is filled with flame. The atmosphere is as explosive as gunpowder, which the least accident to the lamp might ignite with sudden destruction to life in the mine. These several "boards" are six yards in width, the length of each pillar of coal being twenty yards, with a width of "cut through" of five yards. The pillars of coal thus left to support the roof are twenty feet by five in width and ten feet high; and, as a part of this "long-wall" system, and illustrating its economy, it may be briefly stated that these pillars are ultimately worked backward to the shaft from all the extreme points of the mine, thus securing *all* the coal and allowing the roof to come down. There are hundreds of acres in this mine where the roof has thus fallen, and where the "golf," as such exhausted portions are termed, is walled off from the working portions.

We are now under the German Ocean, at the southeastern extremity of the main drive of St. Hilda; and three miles hence, in a varying southwesterly course, we shall reach the shaft of Harton. All the workings of the two mines now lie to the westward of the angle indicated. The "golf" is eastward of it, under the sea. The workings themselves bear no slight resemblance to the avenues and cross-streets of a city. The avenues, it will be understood, all *diverge* from the downcast shaft to carry the air through all the thousands of acres comprised in the royalty of the mine, while in turn they *converge* to the upcast shaft, and thus carry off the vitiated air. The ventilation of all these various avenues and cross-streets is accomplished by splitting the main current of air very much in the same manner as a miller diverts or cuts off from the main river a slender stream wherewith to propel his grist-mill. Or, to return to the former illustration of a city: The pure air from the Harton shaft is distributed into the several independent avenues or boundaries of the mine, just as the Croton water, for instance, traverses first the avenues, then the streets, and lastly reaches each house in its original purity; while the foul, gas-laden air resembles the sewage which is discharged from each house into the mains without entering the dwelling next door.

But the reader will naturally object that air cannot be confined to avenues, and streets, and yards, like water. No, it cannot. To effect this essential point in the mine, the cross-streets between the avenues are securely blocked up, either by the natural wall of coal or (afterward) by the interposition of a massive, tight-fitting door. By this admirable

method of independent drivings, isolating, as it were, the ventilation of each avenue—instead of dragging the whole volume of vitiated air through all the intricacies of the mine, as is the too frequent custom in Pennsylvania—the danger from inflammable gases is materially lessened; and, if an explosion should ensue, the probabilities are that it would be confined to the driving, or avenue, between the two shafts in which it occurred.

At various "boardings," or cross-streets, as we have been riding along, my professional companion has been alighting to test the air and to speak a cheery word to the solitary workers. At intervals in the avenues there are self-registering anemometers recording the force of the air-current. One of these instruments showed that the air was moving at five, another at six, and another at seven linear feet per second of time. In several portions of the workings, he points out the fossil imprint of minute ferns, conifers, and sections of those gigantic plants of the club-moss type that rose from fifty to seventy feet in height. There are also, carefully preserved by the "overmen" to be taken to bank, some fine specimens of *Sigillaria*, which present hardly any analogy with existing forms, and which, as Hugh Miller remarks, "must have imparted so strange a character and appearance to the flora of the coal-measures."

Some of the miners are driving through "troubles;" some are cutting their way through solid stone. Here are masons walling off "golf." There carpenters are fitting an air-door, or fixing "brettice" to support treacherous-looking portions of the roof. But every workman—whether miner, mason, or carpenter—is working out an unconscious part of the complete scientific whole, which, planned by the engineers, governs the entire mine.

After driving for three hours on the avenues and cross-streets of this gloomy underground town, where the dim twinkles of the safety-lamps look like so many will-o'-the-wisps in a catacomb, my companion dismisses the tandem pony-chariot, and we proceed half a mile or so on foot. The main driving, which we now traverse, "dips" considerably to the southwest. When we reach the minimum depression, the viewer announces that we stand in the deepest portion of the two collieries—thirteen hundred and twenty feet below the surface! He tells me, as we proceed up the "rise," and enter the workings proper of the Harton pit, that Monkwearmouth colliery—seventeen hundred and forty feet—is the deepest of the three hundred coal-mines that perforate the Northumberland and Durham coal-field, but that he has been down a shaft near Charleroi, Belgium, twenty-six hundred and forty feet deep. The temperature at this depth, he says, is extremely oppressive, ranging usually between 95° and 99°.

I remark on the imperfect light afforded to each miner by his single safety-lamp. He laughingly remarks:

"You ought to see the original 'signal-lamp,' by the light of which gas-coal was worked half a century since, when George Stephenson invented his 'Geordie lamp'—"

which, to all intents and purposes, was identical with the Davy lamp now in use. The 'signal-lamp' was simply a machine turned by a boy, by which a series of sparks were produced by the impact of several flints on a steel."

In reply to my questioning, the viewer states that, in consequence of improved engineering, there are fewer explosions of fire-damp than a decade since; but, at the same time, there is an increase of what may be termed "miscellaneous accidents," consequent upon the unwillingness of the miners to use pick, hammer, and wedge, as exclusively as formerly. Powder is now used wherever it is permitted, and a certain percentage of casualties seems to be inseparable from its use.

The workings in the Harton mine differ in no noticeable particular from the workings in the Hilda mine, except in the frequent recurrence of "dips" and "troubles." At the top of one of those mile-long inclines, a stationary engine draws up the laden wagons, and lets down the empty wagons. Here, as in Hilda, are the stables containing long rows of blind horses, and active rodents. There is no furnace or lurid glare, however, as we approach the shaft; but in the main-trunk air-way there is a steam fan-blast, which sucks the air down the shaft, and propels it in a stiff, fresh breeze along the avenue of the mine.

There is an office for the use of the engineers, well lighted with gas-lamps, near the bottom of the shaft, a little apart from the intake air-stream. Voices are heard within as we approach, one of which we recognize as that of B—. He is conversing enthusiastically with an under-viewer respecting Professor Airy's pendulum-experiments in this shaft in the months of September and October, 1854. B— has traveled over "above us," he says to Harton, and had not needed much persuasion to descend with Mr. H— to see for himself where the Astronomer Royal's hermetically-inclosed clock and pendulum were placed at the bottom of the twelve-hundred-and-sixty-foot shaft, and in electric communication with similar apparatus above.

Mr. May now takes up the thread of the scientific conversation and proceeds:

"Professor Airy's experiments in this shaft were undertaken for the purpose of determining the mean density of the earth. He had previously tried the experiment in the Dolcoath mine near Camborne, in Cornwall; but further developments in electricity, and the facility of applying it to the comparison of widely-separated clocks, were favorable to the repetition of the experiment. Messrs. Wood, Blackett & Co. placed the shaft at his disposal, and procured all the assistance he required. The Royal Society supplied the instruments, which consisted of two detached pendulums on iron stands, graduated arcs, barometers, thermometers, and two astronomical clocks. The professor used to descend regularly twice a day, and would sometimes work in the office here for hours."

A few minutes later we reached the daylight.

JAMES WIGHT.

## RAIN.

O RAIN, down-fall, a silver wall,  
Between the world and me!  
The days are long when, with earth's throng,  
I mingle restlessly  
Like a small stream, whose fitful gleam  
Turns toward some silent place  
Where shadowed deep, in waveless sleep,  
It hides its fretted face.

O tender rain, like tears of pain,  
That ease the burdened breast,  
Fall down from heaven, in changeless rhythm,  
On earth forever blest  
By touch of thine, a chrism divine.  
My tears are worthier me  
When heaven's eyes, the infinite skies,  
Weep earthward solemnly.

O tender rain, in vain, in vain,  
I prayed my sun to shine;  
The fair rainbow, through tearful glow  
Of grief, can ne'er be mine.  
Gray skies low-hung, bird-songs unsung,  
And cloudy memory's thrall,  
These are for me. O tenderly  
Hide me with silver wall!

MARIE LE BARON.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

A LONDON journal asks why the citizens of that metropolis do not boulevard their streets. By boulevarding streets, the writer means lining the sidewalks with shade-trees. "We go over to Paris," he says, "and admire its boulevards lined with trees, come back again and make no move to take advantage of the lesson." This is not quite true, inasmuch as the splendid new boulevard by the side of the Thames, known as the Thames Embankment, is lined with trees, which will in a few years give it a fine effect with their overarching branches. But, with this exception, the streets in London are wholly without curbstone-trees. Nor do they exist in Paris except on the boulevards. All American cities are more or less adorned in this way, and only those who have seen the streets of European cities can fully appreciate the charm which trees give to the streets of our American cities. "In the olden time," says the journal from which we have quoted, "when every house was of different height or architecture, when the eye rested upon projecting balconies, angular roofs, deep-recessed windows, it was satisfied with the diversity; but we defy the least artistic eye to take in with pleasure half a mile of brick-wall, punched at intervals with square openings for windows." In the olden time, it might be added, the streets were too narrow to admit of trees; but, to our taste, not even overhanging balconies, angular roofs, nor recessed windows, afford so charming a diversity of lines and colors as streets in which the architecture shows brokenly through leaves and branches of trees. It is

true that in some of our American cities there is something to glance at through the trees, something more than long stretches of brick-wall, "with square openings for windows"—a description of urban streets that accurately fit the domestic architecture of London, a city of all others that needs in its streets of residences something to break a monotony and flatness of line which the world cannot parallel. Even in Belgravia, the windows are no more than holes cut in the wall. The structures there are all plain, bald, characterless; no balconies, no porches, no inviting vestibules as with us; no rich nor picturesque projections. It is, indeed, a wonder that London has not ere this copied the example of the Paris boulevards, and set out trees along streets that are only redeemed from utter dreariness by the frequency of flowers on the window-sills.

It is greatly to be regretted that in many of our recently-built streets in New York no trees have been planted. Inasmuch as brown-stone is used to an excess in these streets, making them monotonous and gloomy, the lack of trees is peculiarly unfortunate. There are some streets up-town lined with costly and stately houses, that can yet only be redeemed from a really oppressive dreariness by the introduction of trees at the curbstone. It is really a marvel, with so many examples around us of the beautifying effects of trees, that any avenue should be left without them. One day last summer, while walking through to us a somewhat unfamiliar part of the city, we were fairly compelled to pause and look at the great beauty of the scene around us. It was near Grammercy Park. Trees had been planted freely on both sides of the street, and all were flourishing. The houses were varied in character—all in good condition, some handsome, others of an attractive, home-like aspect. There were contrasts of brown-stone, red brick, and green blinds; there were balconies; broad, handsome stoops; bay-windows; and, in addition to the trees, there were vines over some of the houses, and shrubbery in the court-yards. The picture was simply charming—soft in tone, rich in subdued contrasts. Broken sunlight flecked the pavement and the house-walls, and all the different architectural forms and colors were half covered, half revealed by the varying drapery of leaves. One may hunger for old ruins, and ancient cities with their strange structures, but go where he might he could find few more fascinating pictures than the one we have described. Great trees are like great architecture. There is a magnificent tree in Fourteenth Street, not far from Fifth Avenue, that we never pass without pausing a moment to study and admire its glorious proportions and stately beauty. It is one of the poplar variety—tall, massive,

spreading at the top in a wide and superb reach of myriad-bannered boughs glittering in light and touched with shadows. No fine monument, no tall column, no artistic fountain that we have ever seen, inspired us as this tree inspires us. It exalts, it elevates; its mission is like the mission of high art—to lift the imagination, and fill the whole being with the charm of beauty. We cannot easily in America adorn our cities with great sculpture or grand monuments; but Nature is a true artist and a great architect. It builds slowly, but always with a high purpose and in fresh designs. Those who plant trees in streets, under right conditions of space and soil, see a beautiful architecture daily lifting toward the skies, and in time find the highway filled with forms and touched with colors that even accomplished artists could only feebly copy.

PEOPLE are commonly so fixed in the belief that our cities lack the picturesque, that they not only fail to heed the beauty conferred upon our streets by trees, but daily pass scenes that, if witnessed for the first time abroad, would fill the beholder with delight. There are not in all London more picturesque and interesting places than Trinity and St. Paul's churchyards in New York. It is rarely that one finds in the great cities abroad a church standing in a green inclosure; nowhere that we can recollect are there in the very heart of the business centres graveyards filled with old tombstones and resting in the shadows of great trees. Temple Church in London has a quaint and picturesque situation, and the Temple Gardens close at hand have a quiet beauty. But these lie a little off the highway, and, while having a notable charm of their own, still leave to our two New York places, considered simply as pictures, something to prefer. St. Paul's in London is crowded in among shops and warehouses, without a tree to soften its lines. Westminster Abbey unites with Westminster Hall and the Parliament Houses in forming an imposing group of buildings, and it has on two of its sides ample space. But no trees fleck its walls with shifting lights and shadows, and no branches form vistas through which the quaint old Gothic chapels show with added charm. Nearly all the other churches in London stand, as many of our own do, crowded in among houses. The wealth and the conservative tastes of the Trinity parishioners have kept for New York, which generally rebuilds itself every thirty or forty years, two ancient and eminently picturesque oases in its wilderness of warehouses. Our citizens pass these places hundreds of times without dreaming of all their resources of beauty and picturesque charm. They are probably men who have



seen them in a distant, dreamy way daily for many years, without ever fully noting them or entering their precincts. Let one of these the next time he walks down Broadway break away from the crowded pavement and enter the old monument-studded and shaded graveyard of St. Paul's. What a marvelous change breaks upon him! The church is not large nor grand, but it is old, and has a tall and handsome steeple at one end, and a fine porch at the other. The graveyard is old; there are many superb trees, and many ancient and crumbling tombstones. It is situated in the very heart of the busiest spot on this continent, but standing under its trees the bustle and confusion of the ever choked and turbulent highway are hushed and forgotten. The church shows old, scarred, and picturesque, through openings of the trees; the great elms mingle their branches in glorious arches far above; the ground is undulating with its many mounds, sunken with its many excavations; and the grass is long, luxuriant, and odorous. It is as soft, as sweet, as charming a town picture as any city can afford. Let the now interested explorer, ere he plunges into the vexed vortex of Wall Street, spend a half-hour amid the monuments and under the trees in the Trinity inclosure. The church is not old, but it is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. No one, however, knows what its beauty really is, or imagines how picturesque its situation is, who has not seen it from the western border of the inclosure, from which point it lifts superbly amid its setting of trees. The paths of the graveyard are lined with flowers, and wind among the century-old tombstones. There are some notable buildings surrounding it, and one good specimen of a tower in the Trinity Schoolhouse; the church, its monuments, its trees, its surroundings, make a picture that, if seen in Europe, Americans would never stop talking about.

The resources of New York in the way of the picturesque are well exemplified in Mrs. Greatorex's collection of sketches entitled "Old New York, from the Battery to Bloomingdale." Mrs. Greatorex exaggerates somewhat, we think, producing by an excess of broken lines and over-depth of shadows effects scarcely warranted by the original objects; but, while allowing a little for the artist's license, we must acknowledge that Mrs. Greatorex has done us all a service by showing that our painters need not go abroad for well-marked subjects for their pencils. In Mr. Daly's new play of "Pique" we have an instance of the availability of some of our New York scenes for pictorial treatment. The rear of Trinity churchyard stands considerably above the level of the street, the narrow thoroughfare on each side of the in-

closure making a sharp declivity toward the river. Mr. Daly's scenic artist has chosen his point of view on one of these narrow streets, with the high wall of the churchyard in middle distance, the trees of the inclosure and the chancel-window of the church lifting far above the spectator. The scene is night; there is snow; and the church-lights show in brilliant tints through the colored glass of the window. The usually unsightly telegraph-poles are employed by the artist in good picturesque effect; and altogether a place hitherto unknown to art is shown to have very rich pictorial resources. The pictures of Trinity and of St. Paul's from the points of view we have described have not yet been discovered by our artists, scenic or otherwise.

There are doubtless many good half-known picturesque places in other of our cities. We recollect one place in Boston not unlike, in general characteristics, the scenes we have been describing. The rear view of Independence Hall at Philadelphia is good. There is an old church at Charleston that, with its pigeon-thrugged steeple, its old and spacious graveyard filled with many of South Carolina's worthies, its surrounding old houses picturesquely capped with red-tiled roofs, makes a notable picture. No doubt many others as good are known to our readers.

ENGLISHMEN are notoriously grumblers, and this proclivity is often the cause of considerable harmless satire and mirth on the part of other people. Englishmen can well afford to be indifferent to criticism on this peculiarity of their character, for grumbling is often entitled to a place among the cardinal virtues. People who do not grumble are constitutionally submissive and constitutionally lazy. They are prone to accept half service, to let duties go by inefficiently performed, to encourage neglect, slovenliness, bad workmanship, and moral laxness generally. As an instance of the grumbling dispositions of our Albion friends, and the rigid way they hold people to their responsibilities, is the dissatisfaction current in London in regard to the alleged mismanagement of the underground railway. The *Pall Mall Gazette* declares that the companies "seem to outvie one another in their disregard for the convenience and comfort of their passengers; the accommodation for the public is 'miserably insufficient,' the trains 'are inadequately furnished with carriages,' and are started without regard to the safety of persons 'who may be endeavoring to get into them;' and the 'staff of employés are about as rude as they can be.'" To an American who is familiar with the disorder of our city railway-lines, and has traveled upon the

London underground roads, where all the arrangements seem to his American experience nearly perfect, these denunciations from the London press must seem very singular. He will be prone to believe that there must have been a recent decline in the organization of the London roads, or that John Bull is unnecessarily captious. Probably signs of neglect and inattention have recently been exhibited, and the London public, quick to note carelessness or inattention, have promptly uttered these remonstrances. It is tolerably certain, moreover, that this open dissatisfaction will have its effect. English people are not only prone to grumble, but commonly have a way of making their grievances heard and their opinions respected. This partly arises from the earnestness with which complaints are uttered, but mainly from the unanimity of the public sentiment. Here the public is divided between those who denounce shortcomings, those who apologize for them, and those who are selfishly indifferent, and will put themselves to no temporary inconvenience even in order to aid in righting a wrong. How long would a London public tolerate our overpacked cars, our sidewalks usurped by merchandise and peddlers, our neglected pavements, our disfiguring telegraph-poles, our swindling hackmen, our curbstone garniture of ash and garbage boxes? Not long, we may be certain. It would be an excellent thing if we could import a little of English grumbling and a little of English determination that people who undertake tasks shall execute them.

WE fear there would have been shrill lamentation in many a nursery during the recent Christmas present-giving had the advice of a very kind-hearted English lady been followed by the mammas. Lady Burdett-Coutts has undertaken what we are fain to consider, and to trust, a hopeless crusade against a class of toys which childish instincts, especially boyish instincts, crave, and which, amid the ever-changing fashions now in playthings, never go out of vogue. She would taboo, in fact, all mimic soldiers and cannonry, since they teach boys the love of fighting; all squeaking pigs, and barking dogs, and bellowing cows, since these nourish in the boyish breast that cruelty to animals which philanthropic societies are so constantly and painfully laboring to diminish. Everything that suggests and arouses pugnacity, or hints of pain, should, the good lady tells us, be banished from the playroom and the nursery. The "child is father to the man," and if the child drills battalions of pine and paint, and causes deliberate havoc with the legs and heads of the automaton belligerents, the man will want to go a-fighting, and nations of these grown

children will quarrel for the love of head and leg breaking. So, too, if the child makes a wooden pig squeak, the man will delight in torturing the living porker. Now, there is in all this something which seems to us less good than "goody." Lady Burdett-Coutts is a lover of her kind; it would appear, however, that philanthropy, like other hobbies, becomes sometimes morbid and Quixotic. Surely, the bellicoseness and cruelty of the world do not come from its toys. Toys are indeed symbols, and reflect in some sort the passions of humanity. But, for all that, we would not have our boys confined to the gentle resources of their sisters; and we confess to preferring to see them fighting imaginary battles, and even making wooden pigs squeak, rather than dandling dolls or arranging baby-houses. If warlike playthings have any permanent influence on the boyish character at all—on which point we must be permitted to be skeptical—it is an influence involving courage and self-dependence, and not by any means love of brutality. The boy who goes through infancy and school-life without any soldier-toys or fisticuffs is far less fitted for the battling which he is certain to be called upon to do in this world of antagonisms than he who marshals mimic armies, and defends himself from the shoulder against the tyranny of his bigger fellows. Unhappily, pluck is still a necessity in civilization; and a man might as well stay at home and nurse the babies, and cook the dinner, as for a boy to be brought up so tenderly as to shrink from all collision, and to oppose a soft and unresisting nature to the buffetings he is certain to receive. Success in life requires physical and moral courage, as well as education and morality.

THAT was a very pleasant and appropriate testimonial which was offered by a number of eminent literary Englishmen to Thomas Carlyle on the event of his eightieth birthday. Despite the taunts and bitterness, the wild extravagancies of speech and cynical censure, with which he has long been in the habit of referring to this country, we can afford, on such an occasion, to forget it all in a sincere tribute of admiration for a really great writer. It seems almost strange that a man so intense in his nature, whose brain has been from youth in a perpetual heat of seething thoughts and savage discontent, should attain fourscore years in soundness of body and brain. Yet there is the sage of Cheyne Row, apparently in full vigor, as ready as of old to heap a torrent of double and treble words and tangled sentences of eulogy upon the latest hero after his own heart. If Carlyle has gone wrong in late years, if his philosophy has ripened into grotesque forms and gloomiest

forebodings; if, impatient at the stupidity of men in little heeding his warnings and going on in their old foolish, blind way, he has lost his confidence in humanity and sneers fiercely at "quack civilization," we can still honor the author of the most vividly-picturesque history, the most graphic biographies, and some of the noblest, deepest, and most generous thoughts which have been written in this century. He is one of the few modern British writers who have founded a school of philosophy. It is, indeed, a school which is essentially mystic, vague in its conjectures, full, no doubt, of reverence and awe, yet without anything like a creed fixed by words. Carlyle's philosophy is not, like that of Plato, or notably that of Aristotle, defined by rules and logical sequences, as clearly described as a code of laws, almost as readily comprehended as an exact science. It is rather a series of brilliant sayings, from which loom out, here and there, isolated but lofty, grand and eternal truths. No one can deny the great service Carlyle has rendered in morals as well as in letters. Infinite scorn of the humbugs of the apparent, intense love of reality, genuineness, wherever he can find them—high or low—these are his obtrusive traits as a man, moralist, and writer. He has, we believe, really sought truth and duty; no writer so much, so long, so earnestly. We may rather feel kindly sympathy than disgust for him that, goaded by disappointments, and morbid by long brooding, he fails in his old age to see the good there is in the times, and talks wildly of the ghostlike whirl of skeletons toward the tomb, and judges our Western civilization a failure. He may find some consolation, at least, in the crowd of able men upon whom his influence is very marked, and many of whom have so properly shown him that, in his old age, he is not forgotten.

### Books and Authors.

SO large a portion of the first volume of the Comte de Paris's "History of the Civil War in America"<sup>1</sup> is taken up with preliminary matters, that it would be premature to base upon it a final judgment of the work; but it is clear already that, if the standard of the present volume is maintained, this will be beyond comparison the best history of the war that has yet been written. The Comte de Paris, according to the old adage, being a foreigner, stands toward us somewhat in the relation of posterity. His passions have not been roused by the ardor of conflict, nor his prejudices intensified by

the necessity of vindicating them in the face of fierce opposition. Those subtle influences, partly personal, partly local, and partly national, which prevent an American of our generation from seeing the exact truth and the whole truth, do not obscure his vision; and, addressing an audience that has neither personal nor patriotic interest in his subject, there is nothing to induce him either to exceed or to palliate the truth as he sees it. In addition to these advantages, which aid him enormously in pitching the *tone* of his history, the Comte participated in the struggle sufficiently to have his ideas vivified and his sympathies touched; and during a considerable portion of the first two years he is dealing with events all of which he saw and part of which he was.

All of these qualities pertain, to a certain extent, to the count's exceptional position, and would not suffice of themselves to lift him above his rivals; but we must go farther and confess that no previous historian of the war has so thoroughly prepared himself for his work. Compared with the Comte de Paris's ample grasp of the copious literature of the subject, his minute mastery of details, his patient accumulation of facts, and careful sifting and balancing of evidence, even the best existing history of the Civil War seems but a hasty and shallow compilation. His work, indeed, is rather German than French in its thoroughness. He does not even begin the real narrative of the war until he has fully explained the structure and organization of the American army, its methods of administration, its history in connection with the Seven Years' War, the War of Independence, the Mexican War, and the long wars with the Indians, the workings of the militia and volunteer systems, the creation of the Federal and Confederate armies, and the political and social causes of the conflict; and he never takes up a campaign, a movement, or a battle, until he has considered with the most minute care its entire antecedents and surroundings—its *milieu*. The chapters on the conditions imposed by purely physical causes upon military operations in this country as compared with those conducted in Europe, on the respective resources of the Federal and Confederate Governments, the differences in the constituent elements and organization of the two armies, and in their *materiel* of war, are models of just that kind of information in which histories are most commonly defective; and the descriptions of the geographical and topographical features of every district in which a campaign is conducted or a battle fought, are so useful—so invaluable, we may say—that no future historian of our war will be likely to overlook them. As to the style of the narrative, it could hardly be more clear, simple, and unpretentious; yet it is vigorous and animated, and easily sustains the reader's interest through the driest and least inviting portions. The battle-pieces are especially good, not because of any aiming after sensational effects, but from their great vividness and simplicity; as the editor says, "the battle fights itself under the reader's eyes." The opinions expressed, too, are nearly always temperate and judicious, not unfrequently

<sup>1</sup> History of the Civil War in America. By the Comte de Paris. Translated with the Approval of the Author, by Louis F. Tassiro. Edited by Henry Coppée, LL.D. Volume I. Philadelphia: Joseph H. Coates & Co.

exhibiting real philosophical insight as well as patient study; and the conclusions reached are at least intelligible deductions from the facts as stated.

While recognizing, however, the many and great merits of the book, we cannot agree with those who think that the Comte de Paris has written an "entirely impartial" history of the war. No one can doubt that he has written in perfect good faith, or that he is incapable of doing intentional injustice; but his sympathies are quite evident throughout, and the preliminary chapters, treating of political and sectional questions, are not only not impartial, but do not pretend to be so. In fact, they are as strictly partisan as anything written by any respectable writer on either side. Moreover, the chapter referring to the social condition of the South abounds in errors of fact and errors of inference; an excellent example of both being the theory which may be said to be the foundation for nearly all he has to say about the political and military organization of the Confederacy. A very little thought will convince any one that the middle-class Southern whites—the class between the rich planters on the one hand and the slaves on the other—could not have "scorned labor" and lived in "idleness," as the Comte de Paris repeatedly declares was the case. No social fabric can long exist in which the great majority of the people composing it spend their time in "idleness," and the count's argument is easily upset by simply asking, How did the middle-class whites live? True, one result of slavery was to attach a certain degradation to agricultural and household labor, and no whites would engage in these who could find anything else to do; but this is very far from justifying the inference that the great majority of the Southern people spent their time in the "leisure of idle poverty." And with this fallacy falls a good deal of what the author has to say about the formation and organization of the Southern armies. His partiality, too, for his old commander, McClellan, while natural enough, perhaps, leads him to do great injustice to President Lincoln and others who did not share his own entire confidence in that able but over-cautious general. These and kindred defects do not impair to any marked degree the essential value of the work; but they cause one to regret that the author did not confine himself more rigidly to his expressed intention of writing "essentially a military history," and make it clearer than ever that the ideal history of the war must be not less strong on the political than on the military side.

Mr. Tasistro's translation is free, flowing, and idiomatic, and does full justice to an original of which style is not the strong point. Dr. Coppée's editorial labors are slight in extent, consisting of a dozen or so brief notes on matters of fact or statistics, and "a very careful revision of the text, as to military details and technicalities." This revision seems to have been on the whole well done, but, as a book of such importance should be as free from errors as possible, we enumerate a few which we found in the course of a careful perusal. On page 60, sixth line from top, "southwestern" should

be southeastern; on page 160, sixth line from top, "Fort McRae" should be Fort Pickens; on page 164, "Acquia Creek" is wrongly located on the *left* bank of the Potomac; on page 197, third line from bottom, "northwest" should be northeast; on page 238, "twelve or thirteen thousand men" should be twelve or thirteen hundred; on page 310, thirteenth line from top, "ease" should be care; and on page 410, "four or five thousand men" should be four or five hundred.

We cannot close our notice without praising the beauty and excellence of the maps, and the general tastefulness of style in which the book is issued.

THOUGH not now published for the first time, probably very few readers of the present generation are at all acquainted with the correspondence which Mr. Charles Francis Adams has gathered under the title of "Familiar Letters of John Adams and his Wife Abigail Adams, during the Revolution" (New York: Hurd & Houghton). Thirty or thirty-five years ago they, together with others by the same writers, were issued in two volumes, and had considerable vogue; but both series have long been out of print, and copies would now probably be very difficult to procure. From the papers as originally published Mr. Adams has selected such as were written during the period of the Revolutionary struggle, added to them a few letters not previously included, and, "instead of printing the letters of the respective parties in separate volumes," as was done in the first issue, has arranged them "in the precise order of their respective dates, to the end that the references to events or sentiments constantly made on the one side or the other may be more readily gathered and understood." The correspondence begins in May, 1774, and terminates with the signature of the treaty of peace in January, 1783, so that it covers the entire Revolutionary period. Opening with familiar details of the personal and family life of a circuit lawyer, with just enough reference to politics to show that thoughtful men were beginning to feel anxiety on that score, the tone gradually deepens with the growing troubles of the colonists, becomes alternately sombre and hopeful with the changing features of the long struggle, and finally almost jubilant in view of the glorious end. It is a genuine mirror of the Revolution, introducing us to what Thackeray calls the "real flesh and blood of history." Mr. Adams's high official position connected him intimately with public events, and brought him into social relations with the most eminent men and women of his time. His letters, accordingly, keep us in the current of public affairs, and reveal to a certain extent the inner agencies and influences which were at work in shaping them. Mrs. Adams's letters, on the other hand, give us a vivid picture of the domestic and family life of the period—the cares, anxieties, privations, alternate hopes and fears, and actual sufferings of those brave Revolutionary wives and mothers whose lot compelled them to be passive spectators of events with which, nevertheless, their fortunes and sympathies were

closely involved. Taken as a whole, the correspondence furnishes the most graphic delineation of the good old times, when Philadelphia was to Bostonians "a far country," that has come down to us; and its appropriateness to the centenary year is too obvious to be pointed out.

As to the literary character of the letters, it is enough to say that they make no literary pretensions whatever, but are truly the familiar correspondence of persons who had no occasion to show off to each other, and neither of whom, in writing them, ever dreamed that they might ultimately be shown to the world. Well written they are, and abounding in good sense and elevated feeling; flavored, too, with that aroma of leisure and affectionate painstaking which characterizes the old-time letter-writers; but Mr. Adams is right in thinking that their familiar unpretentiousness is the feature in them which constitutes their chief attraction.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams's memoir of Mrs. Adams, which is prefixed to the letters, is a model of its kind, and his notes are judicious and helpful. Very pleasing, too, is the portrait of Mrs. Adams, taken at the age of twenty-one.

A NEW book by Emerson is always something of a literary event, and his "Letters and Social Aims" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) certainly shows that his productions are adjusted to no diminishing scale. The eleven essays which it contains are as full of insight, of thought, of sympathy, of generosity of mind, of culture, of wisdom in short, as the best that have preceded them; and the literary vehicle in which they are embodied seems even more perfect than of old. They are as fresh, too, and as suggestive as if no previous draft had been made upon the author's mind; for Emerson is one of those really great geniuses of whom it may be said with entire truth that "age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety." Whatever Emerson produces—and he has been no niggard—impresses one simply as the overflowsings of a full mind, not as the emptying out of all its contents.

Where all is good it is hardly worth while to single out anything for special mention, and in reading the essays on "Poetry and Imagination," "Social Aims," "Eloquence," "Progress of Culture," "Inspiration," and "Greatness," one feels in every case that the one last read is the best. We have found ourselves, however, lingering with most satisfaction over the noble essay on "Immortality," which, in style, is curiously suggestive of the most eloquent passages in Sir Thomas Browne's "Hydriotaphia, or Urn-burial." Mr. Emerson adds nothing to the proof or logic of the subject, but he succeeds wonderfully in fortifying faith. The basis of his belief is the familiar inference that the implanting of a desire indicates that the gratification of that desire is in the constitution of the creature that feels it; but he treats it from a standpoint which makes Mr. Mill's famous negative argument seem trivial. "The real evidence," he says, "is too subtle, or is higher than we can write down in propositions, and therefore Wordsworth's 'Ode' is the



best modern essay on the subject. We cannot prove our faith by syllogisms. The argument refuses to form in the mind. A conclusion, an inference, a grand augury, is ever hovering; but attempt to ground it, and the reasons are all vanishing and inadequate."

Besides those mentioned, there are papers on "Quotation and Originality," "Resources," "The Comic," and "Persian Poetry."

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE has brought together in a volume, and published through Messrs. Osgood & Co. (Boston), the "Saxon Studies," which have been appearing serially in one of the English magazines during the past year or two. Readers of the JOURNAL have already become more or less familiar with these papers through the extracts which have appeared from time to time in our pages, and through the article on "Mountaineering in Miniature," which brings the series to a close; but no amount of quotation could do justice to a work whose most impressive effect lies in the cumulative character of its contents. Mr. Hawthorne is far from standing alone in his illustration of the axiom that familiarity breeds contempt; but we believe he is the very first to prove that the contempt so engendered can become a genuine literary inspiration, and stimulate the mind to prolonged creative action. Not only does he not share in "the mawkish tendency, very observable of late, to make Germans, of all people in the world, and Saxons with them, objects of sentimental hero-worship," but he evidently regards them with an antipathy the very intensity of which gives its expression a curious psychological interest. His prolonged residence in Dresden must have inflicted upon him something like mental torture, and he retaliates upon his *quondam* hosts by subjecting them, their persons, habits, customs, amusements, arts, government, social life, and general character, to an analysis so incisive, so ingenious, so searching, and so pitiless in its bitter disdain, that the reader feels at times as if he were himself upon the rack. Even Saxons are men, and have so much in common with the rest of us that we cannot help feeling that scorn so sweeping cannot be confined to them, but to a certain extent embraces mankind. "Providence," says the preface, "would never have been at the pains to create man the only laughing animal had it not first made him the most laughable of all."

Readers are doubtless not unacquainted with noted examples of satire and invective, but it may be safely said that "Saxon Studies" is wholly unique. Junius's scorn was confined to persons and a party; the humor of Swift carries a genial element into his most ferocious satire; but if ever the literature of hate comes to be classified, "Saxon Studies" will easily take the first place among its classics. It alone suffices to counterbalance, from a literary point of view, all the adulation that Germany's success has extorted from the world.

THE second volume of Colonel Higginson's "Brief Biographies" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) contains sketches of twenty

"English Radical Leaders," by Richard J. Hinton. Professor Fawcett, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir John Lubbock, Peter A. Taylor, Joseph Cowan, and Robert Meek Carter, are classified as "independent members" of Parliament; Thomas Hughes, Mr. Mundella, Thomas Brassey, Samuel Morley, and Alexander Macdonald, as "friends of the labor agitation"; Samuel Plimsoll, Sir Wilfred Lawson, Edward Miall, and Henry Richards, as "parliamentary agitators"; and Messrs. George Jacob Holyoake, Joseph Arch, Charles Bradlaugh, George Odger, and Joseph Chamberlain, as "popular leaders." Even the names of most of these men are unfamiliar, probably, to the great majority of American readers; yet it is certainly true, as Mr. Hinton says, that they are among "the most influential living Englishmen," and the study of their career, and of the popular agitations and reforms through which their influence has been exerted, throws more light upon current politics in England than can be derived from any other source. They are the heralds and exemplars of what Mr. Greg calls the "new political dispensation," and the story of their lives is interesting, if only because it illustrates the manner in which democratic principles are gradually penetrating and remoulding the institutions of Great Britain.

Mr. Hinton has done his work with care, though, as was the case with Colonel Higginson's initial volume, the scissors have played a larger part than the pen in its preparation. An Englishman by birth and training, he has the advantage of that intimate knowledge of men and affairs which no stranger can acquire; and he has evidently made a close study of the literature of the subject. The literary result of his labors, if not preëminently readable, is useful; and his book is exactly the thing to have at hand for reference in reading of political, social, and industrial agitations in England.

IN our notices of previous volumes of "The Mysterious Island" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), we have indicated so clearly the character of the work that it is only necessary to say of the third and concluding volume that it shows no falling off in interest. M. Verne is vivacious and audacious to the last, and the pathway of the story is strewn so thickly with the marvelous that we accept as a matter of course the final catastrophe which blew up Lincoln Island and precipitated the castaways into the sea. One feature of this volume which will give it a special interest to Verne's admirers is, that it explains the mystery of Captain Nemo, the hero of "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea." He it was who had helped the colonists in so many apparently supernatural ways, and the reader may get a very good idea of the French conception of the pathetic from the description of the captain's death in the bowels of the island just after he had made himself known to his grateful *protégés*.

It will be pleasing to those who have become interested in the adventures of the castaways to learn that they are now con-

ducting an enormous colonization scheme out in the "Territory of Iowa;" and we may be sure that they will civilize that region, and organize it into a State in about the same time that the real Robinson Crusoe would have wasted in taming a parrot or pondering over the footprints in the sand.

ONE of the most tasteful of the children's books which the season has produced is the new illustrated edition of "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates," by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.). This story was first published several years ago; as the author says, "boys who were babies when it was first told can read every word of it now without skipping a single big word; better yet, they are old enough to find out whatever is worth remembering in the book, and to take heart from its examples of Dutch heroism and love." Its fidelity and attractiveness are certified by the fact that it has become a general favorite in Holland, where the scene of the story is laid, as well as in our own country; and by the additional fact that, during years of competition with the copious juvenile literature of the period, it has gained rather than lost in popularity. The new edition is beautifully printed and bound, and possesses every attraction that illustration can bestow upon a text which affords exceptional opportunities to the artist.

A WRITER in *Fraser's Magazine* for the current month has a "scathing" review of Green's much-praised "Short History of the English People," in which, along with much that is narrow and carping, there are some weighty remarks. Here, for example, is a paragraph from his summary of what is requisite in a truly popular history: "I have yet another reason for thinking a serviceable manual of English history must be substantially a narrative of events, a tale of the deeds of men and women, their sins and sufferings, their heroisms and triumphs. It is the only side of history in which most intelligent lads will or can take an interest. Talk to them in straightforward, forcible language of Harold and his huscarls rolling back again and again the tide of Norman chivalry at Senlac, or lying, the night after, a confused heap of carnage across the portals of their land; of the Ironsides raising the hymn of thanks and praise at the foot of the Doon Hill; of Lord Charles Hay's column blasting its way with gunpowder into the centre of the French position at Fontenoy—and their interest never flags. Talk to them of principles of the Constitution, of waves of human progress and the forces that set them in motion, and few of them keep up more than a show of attention. They are so made, and we must deal with them as they are. Yet why find fault with them? The travail of France in her progress toward settled government, the prolonged battle of pope and emperor, are doubtless vastly more important to the constitutional historian than the Franco-German War; but to the majority of even educated minds the Franco-German War will remain perennially interesting; after a time the other movements will only engage the attention of the very thoughtful few."

THE extreme prolificness of Mr. Anthony Trollope's pen would seem to preclude the idea of its owner having either taste or leisure for outdoor exercises of any kind, but it appears that sport divides his affections with literature. A correspondent of the *Tribune*, referring to his

recent return to London from Australia, says: "He is in good time for the hunting season, which I suppose nothing would induce him to miss. His first act on reaching home was to leave it again and go down to Ipswich to look at a horse he had heard of as a fit addition to his stud. For the next few months the novelist will be in the saddle three days a week and in all parts of England—in all the hunting counties, at least." And yet he has two new novels ready for the printer!

In his letter to the Chancellor of Oxford University resigning his professorship, Professor Max Müller explains that his main reason for retiring is that he wants to devote the rest of his life to Sanskrit exclusively. For that and comparative philology together he feels that he has no longer strength. He adds that he has now completed the great work of his life, the *editio princeps* of the text and commentary of the oldest of the sacred books of the Brahmins, the oldest book of the Aryan world.

## The Arts.

**FRESCO-PAINTING**—the name universally given in this country and in some parts of Europe to decorative painting on walls and ceilings, the true fresco-painting being on *wet* walls—seems just now to be making considerable progress among us. For many years the chief decoration of this kind that was used in private dwellings was to cover the side-walls with paper-hangings—cheap imitations of real painting that could easily be renewed. The interiors of public buildings at the same time were painted either in simple neutral tints to resemble blocks of light-colored stones, or an attempt was made in the same sombre colors to produce the effect of paint-relief, or bass-relief carving, which satisfied the taste of an ordinary church congregation, or the commissioners charged with putting up a court-house or school-building. The walls of our hotels and other public rooms have been made to resemble possible temples of Greece or Pompeii, with festooned garlands hanging from resemblances of pillars; or Graces and Cupids disport themselves above our heads, and slightly suggest dull old pictures in Italian palaces, or more generally suggest nothing at all.

Out of all this chaos a little order is beginning to dawn upon us. Side by side with here and there the improvement observable in our architecture, a knowledge of the fitness of some sorts of wall-decoration over others is making itself felt.

The most important building erected in New York of late years is the new Post-Office, in City Hall Park; and as its great extent of yet vacant walls affords especial opportunity for the kind of work we have mentioned, before it is too late, and before the white surface that now extends unblemished for thousands of square feet is filled up, it may be well for the public to consider, even if they have no practical voice in the matter, what it might be well for these walls to express.

The only rooms in this great building that are decorated are the postmaster's and assistant postmaster's rooms, on the south side of the structure, on the third floor. A

recent distinguished writer, speaking of some new books of poems, says that true wisdom in such a case consists in not giving an opinion, but in stating the salient points of the authors. In the crude state of opinion in regard to interior wall decoration, it may be wise to follow the example of this literary critic.

On entering the postmaster's rooms, the visitor finds himself in long and high vaulted apartments, surrounded by several large doors and windows, the framework of which is painted a deep chocolate-color, heavily gilded. These doors and windows are placed without special attention either to effect or position, and are the main structural features of the rooms. The decorator has now stepped in, and has apparently, it seems to us, discovered that nothing is to be done with these ill-placed breaks in the main walls of the room. Looking upon them, then, as if they were accidental displacements of the wall, he has proceeded to construct the rooms into two Greek or Pompeian saloons, that properly need neither windows nor such means of exit or of entrance as these offices really possess.

To the height of ten feet or thereabouts, a similitude of a pale block-work of stone-wall has been painted, lining the entire sides of the rooms, save where the real doors and windows rudely break the line. Above this block-work, at intervals, rise paintings of fluted columns five or six feet more, whose capitals may be Pompeian; and upon these capitals rests a rounded cornice sloping gradually into what appears to be a tent-like roof. The particular and expressive feature of this decoration consists in the painting between the pillars and above the block-work of stone, which apparently admits all the daylight that is needed, and shuts in these rooms from a pale sky, against which and above the stone-wall appear the tops of slender palm-trees and cactus, not deep colored and green, but soft and hazy, as if seen at noonday through a mist. As a recent writer on the subject has remarked, the effect of this decoration is to give space and a cool look to the room; but the question may arise whether such emotions are the proper ones to be excited in an apartment of this kind. Doubtless they would be very pleasant in a confectionery or a restaurant, where a sense of perfect freshness may enhance the appetite of a weary and hungry guest; their appropriateness in a room entirely devoted to dry purposes of business may reasonably be questioned.

A room in New York that seems to us in its decoration to satisfy the reason by its suitability, and which the mind recognizes without a questioning doubt, is the salesroom of the Messrs. Cottier, in Fifth Avenue. This apartment, which formerly was the drawing-room of one of the handsomest dwelling-houses of this quarter, is about twenty feet wide, fifty long, and thirty high—not a very extensive show-room for the goods which it must necessarily display. Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the charming and elegant articles which surround the walls, and partially occupy the middle space of the apartment, but probably few of them are aware

of the important part the windows, the ceiling, the walls, and the floor, fulfill in giving beauty and elegance to the *tout ensemble*. Mr. Cottier, with thorough taste, has decorated his show-room on a perfectly scientific basis. Size and height were both most important elements, and these his room possessed only moderately. To get the effect of these was his first object. The lower portion of the entire wall is covered with a dark and rich low strip of color, whose long line, breaking in between cabinets, *dagères*, glass ornaments, and divans, leads the eye unconsciously down a vista of bright and beautiful household articles. Over this heavy line of coloring, whose weight supports, to the mental perception, the wall above, comes a wide strip of bronze-gold paint, warm, soft, and neutral, which in its turn again leads the eye down the side of the room, but which through its width gives also an impression of height to an otherwise relatively low structure. Imperfections in every ceiling will occur, and therefore, to take the attention from stray inequalities of the plaster, or from cracks not absolutely flatly filled up, a few gold stars make a counterbalancing interest. Upon this bronze wall, open-backed, hanging cases of black wood show blue china jars, or green, or pink, or blue Venetian, or old imitated English glass, to perfection; or here are scattered photographs from Alma-Tadema, or tiles which he has painted. As a top to this side-wall, small columns ten or twelve inches high, in rich color, broken and agreeable, leave openings which suggest the thought of ventilation; their vertical form also adds to the impression of the height of the room, while their multitude does not destroy the long continuity of the line of wall which repeats the lengthened idea of the room. From the ceiling depend many chandeliers, and a brass incense-burner is side by side with a vase-shaped burner from Venice, or a large centre lamp with tinted porcelain shades hangs at their side. With all these objects the mind demands a strong and heavy ceiling, and here again the artist has exhibited his knowledge. The wall is divided into panels by black bands that almost might be an iron network, and upon the panels are delightfully painted, in Italian design, heads and arabesques conventionally treated to give color, and yet not to attract too much by their design. Heavy curtains cut off a work-room at the end, and exquisite stained glass colors the light in the windows. Elegance is, of course, an essential to such a place as this; but here it is elegance adapted to a place of business, and is in no point confounded with the lighter elegance demanded by a parlor or a private hall.

Among people of intelligence there are a few facts that have become commonplace, but which are so often violated in practice that a reference to them may not be out of place. A small room looks larger with a light and plain paper, and the effect of size may be given to a bedroom or sitting-room by paper with a lattice-pattern, through which vine-leaves are trailing, which gives a feeling, like the postmaster's room in the Post-Office, that there is something beyond it. One of the most delightful parlors we know is an old-

fashioned, low room, twenty feet square and only eight or nine feet high, with a clean, white ceiling overhead, across which stretch beams built there two hundred years ago. This room has a low panel around its sides, and above this a landscape-paper in olive-colors takes the eye, with its long ranges of fine trees stretching away into the distance; or the thought accompanies a ship near the horizon, or a winding road tells of spaces far away. Were this room lined with a heavy green or red paper, its low walls would cramp the mind and seem to affect the breathing. This landscape-paper removes the impression.

In England long ago, when pictures were not so common as now, a charming impression like this landscape-paper was procured by painting upon the paneled casings landscapes, and other scenes, to take the mind beyond the narrow limitations of the apartment. Photographs and pictures take in a measure this place of the landscape-decoration, but we think there is still many a narrow hall or small bedroom that could better spare even the favorite photograph, if by doing so it could give the effect of size and restful space.

MR. MCENTEE has brought back with him from his summer studies numerous pleasant sketches and pictures—views, many of which were taken late in the autumn, after the high winds had stripped the trees of leaves. The autumn has always been peculiarly Mr. McEntee's theme, whether it be in yellow woods or in wild forest-paths where the brown leaves nearly choke up the swollen brooks, or in the stillest and saddest days, when the last yellow pumpkins and the latest red apples have been housed, and nothing lingers of the summer but a few scattered leaves upon the oak-trees, and tufts of green grass by sheltered water-courses. These are days when lingering smoke or a faint vapor softens into indistinctness the browns and russets of distant hillsides, till they are transformed anew, and in their rich but neutral shades resemble the deep blendings of a Turkey carpet, or the dim and smoke-darkened windows of English stained glass.

Last year, and the season before, Mr. McEntee introduced into these quiet and grave pictures children at their sports, and he painted them in such scenes as every country child in the Northern States must recognize as familiar—sometimes nutting among yellow chestnut-trees, or playing on the margins of shallow ponds, whose depths they measure with long poles; or floating on tiny rafts, which they have improvised from the forest, and which they guide about in these still, miniature lakes.

It is this class of thought that Mr. McEntee shows in this year's study, and in one picture merry children are leaping and romping at the base of a dark, bare hill, while on the other side of the picture rise groups of tall, shorn maple-trees, and a gray and quiet sky overhead admits no sunshine, except far away toward the horizon, where some wan, pale streaks straggle drearily over a pale moorland and still paler hills.

The aspects of summer and of winter are, to a certain extent, alike the world over, so far

as our experience reaches, but the half-way climates of different spots have each its own characteristics. A trout-fisher in England, or at the Adirondacks, is surrounded by green trees, and drops his fly upon a stream whose waters reflect a soft and clear heaven; but the wild, driving clouds of a Scotch autumn day among the heath-covered hills is quite unlike in its mood to the still days of New England or the Middle States, when scarcely a leaf falls through the quiet air, and the pensive stillness of Nature resembles a calm and serene old age waiting for the end.

JAMES D. SMILLIE, the president of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors, is painting a large picture for the coming exhibition. The size of the work is twenty-seven by fifty-two inches, and the subject portrays a "scrub-race," as it is called, on the Western plains. The landscape is flat, and devoid of any great picturesque features, but the scene in the foreground is spirited, and is of peculiar interest as an incident illustrating the wild and manly sports of the great West. The central group is composed of six horses and their riders, running at their highest speed, and urged on with whip and spur. The animals are of different colors, and are accoutred with a light bridle and surcingle. Through or under the latter the knees of the riders are thrust, and, with their feet pressed against the horses' flanks, maintain a firm seat. The riders are a wild set of men, and the copper-colored face of one of them, at least, indicates Indian extraction. All are clad in gay-colored shirts and trousers, and in lieu of hats have their heads bound with bright-tinted sashes. In this group of running horses all of the incidents peculiar to a race are faithfully portrayed. On the right the half-breed keeps his horse under full control, and his swarthy face is turned over his left shoulder, to watch the stride of the competing animals. Near the half-breed is a rearing horse, which the rider is lashing, and vainly striving to bring him down to his work, and thus maintain the leading position which he has held. The other horses are evidently doing their best to win the race. On the right there is a wagon-camp, with the teamsters grouped around, and cheering the contestants; and on the left is another group equally excited in action. The drawing of the horses is strikingly good. The animals, in effect, are coming directly toward the spectator. The foreshortening is excellent, and the expression of violent action, as the animals plunge forward toward the goal, is delineated with great power. But little idea can as yet be formed of the force of the work when finished. In its present condition, however, it gives promise of great brilliancy of tone and color in its finish. The picture is one of the most important, we believe, ever painted in water-colors by an American artist, and will be sent, after the close of the Water-Color Exhibition, to the Centennial.

"MR. MILLAIS," says the *Athenaeum*, "will contribute to the next exhibition of modern pictures at the Royal Academy a large landscape which is now nearly complete, and on which he

has been engaged during the past autumn. It represents Strath Tay and the river in many curves, with the mountains on either hand in the extreme distance—vast truncated pyramids, with manifold valleys, seen in the dim sheen of rainy daylight, and partly obscured by shadows, their outlines broken by heather and foliage. The point from which the view has been taken is near Birnam; the ground slopes immediately after the immediate foreground is passed; this foreground, a marshy level in the hillside, is broken by clear pools that gleam in the light and reflect the clumps of flowering rush, now gone to seed, which form tiny islets; the pools are encircled by mosses of diverse kinds, vegetable sponges that are vividly green, red, orange, brown, and gray; with these are harsh, seedling grasses, starved bushes that cling to the soaked earth, and are contorted like writhing snakes; black roots, bowlders, and blocks of stone. A hillside rises on our left, with pines and a distant house or two; on our right is another hill, so that the view of Strath Tay is obtained between these hills, and under the dark-gray, cloud-like masses of mist which have formed across the picture, over which last are bright spaces of silvery light."

THE ART JOURNAL for January contains a paper, fully and richly illustrated, on Chinese porcelain, forming the third paper in Mr. Elliott's series entitled "Household Art." Mr. J. W. Casilear is the name of the American artist given this month—two exquisitely engraved woodcuts, one entitled "Riverside," the other "Moonlight in the Glen," affording examples of his style. There are a number of illustrations of furniture and pottery derived from the household display at the recent Chicago Exhibition. There is a well-engraved view of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral in New York, three examples by the English artist Frank Holl, and numerous other illustrations and articles. The steel-plates are peculiarly good. The frontispiece is a copy of a painting by F. Leighton, most beautifully engraved, entitled "The Odalisque." An admirable landscape called "Showery Weather," by Vicat Coll, and a vignette of a drawing by Landseer, complete the series of steel illustrations.

## From Abroad.

### OUR PARIS LETTER.

WINTRY weather outside—a heavy gray sky that literally seems to press upon the tops of the trees, so low do the rolling masses of dusky vapor lie; a sheet of snow that is white only on roofs and tree-tops, and other inaccessible points, but that is changed to brown and slippery mud wherever a foot can touch it; an atmosphere that seems trying hard to get below freezing-point, and that succeeds every now and then by dint of trying—such is the aspect of these December days in Paris. There are great complaints of the cold, rifle among all circles here just now. How bitter the weather really is, may be judged from the fact that a week of this so-called excessive cold has failed to produce ice thick enough for skating, even on the basins of the fountains in the public gardens. Some unlucky wights who tried the experiment on the basin of the fountain in the garden of the Luxembourg the other day, broke in and got a thorough wetting, which, under the present chilly condition of the atmosphere, was far from being either wholesome or agreeable. Sometimes we have a single sunny day, and then all Paris smiles, and sparkles, and frolics like a petted child that has been in disgrace, and that bright-



ens up under the first glance of forgiveness and favor.

The most important literary event now on the tapis is the approaching publication of Taine's work on the French Revolution, the first volume of which is entitled "L'Ancien Régime;" the whole work is called "The Origin of Contemporary France." The book will hardly be a popular one in the United States, even in a translated form, as M. Taine is strongly and surprisingly anti-republican. I say "surprisingly" advisedly, for nearly all the wit and intellect of France are arrayed on the republican side, or at least all the creative talent. M. Taine evidently regrets the *ancien régime*, and would fain have dwelt in the days of which he writes so eloquently. Thus does he paint that brilliant, artistic, artificial society, whose destruction he deploras even while he cannot but condemn its crimes:

"The hoops of the ladies, arranged in a circle, or stationed row above row on benches, form a rich *espallier* covered with pearls, gold, silver, precious stones, spangles, flowers, and fruit with their flowers, such as currants, cherries, artificial strawberries; it is a gigantic living bouquet, whose brilliancy is almost insupportable. There are no black coats, as there are to-day, to form a discrepancy. With dressed and powdered heads, wearing knots and ringlets, with cravats and sleeve-ruffles of lace, attired in coats and vests of dead leaf, pale-pink or sky-blue silk, adorned with embroideries and laced with gold, the men are as decorated as the women. Men and women have been selected one by one; they are all accomplished society-people, ornamented with all the graces that can be bestowed by descent, education, wealth, leisure, and cultivation; in their way they are perfect. There is not a toilet here, not a turn of the head, not a tone of the voice, not a manner of speech, that is not a *chef-d'œuvre* of worldly culture, the distilled quintessence of all exquisite things that social art can elaborate. One hundred thousand roses are necessary, it is said, to produce a single ounce of that unique essence which is used by Persian kings; such is this *salon*, frail flask of crystal and of gold; it contains the substance of the vegetation of humanity. To fill it, it was necessary that a great aristocracy transplanted into a hot-house, and henceforward sterile of fruits, should only produce flowers; afterward, that in the royal alembic its purified sap should be concentrated into a few drops of aroma. The cost is excessive, but it is at such cost that the most delicate perfumes are fabricated."

Unfortunately, after painting the above brilliant and attractive picture, M. Taine is compelled to turn his canvas and to show us the other side; the crushed and starving peasantry, abuses and misery on all sides, the wealth of a whole nation devoured by the exquisite and accomplished few whose portraits he has just sketched so lovingly. I shall recur more at length to this striking work when I have had time to examine it more thoroughly.

Firmin Didot & Co. have just published the first number of a work entitled "Paris à travers les Ages"—Successive Aspects of the Principal Views and Perspectives of the Monuments and Quarters of Paris from the Thirteenth Century down to the Present Day. This work, which promises to be one of the most interesting and valuable of the many fine illustrated books recently published in Paris, will be issued in twelve numbers. Each number, complete in itself, will contain the history and the various aspects of one particular quarter or monument, and will comprise from thirty to forty pages of letterpress, with numerous wood-engravings, as well as from five to seven large plates in chromo-lithography and plans of restoration at different epochs. The first number comprises the Hôtel-de-Ville, with the quarter and Place de Grève, with text by M. Edouard Fournier; and the second will be devoted to the Louvre and its quarter, with the church of St.-Germain-l'Auxerrois. The Châtelet, the Marché aux Innocents, the Tuileries, and the Palais Royal, are to follow. Each number is to cost twenty-five francs to subscribers to the entire work, and thirty francs to non-subscribers. The complete work will be comprised in twelve numbers, and as a number is to be issued only once every three months, the prospect of being obliged to wait for three years for the completion of the work is not altogether agreeable, at least to the go-ahead ideas of Americans.

The obsequies of Virginie Dejazet took place on Saturday last. The weather chanced to be fine, and cold gleams of wintry sunshine fell upon the coffin of her, the brightness of whose talent, like the wintry sun, had shone and sparkled even till the closing hours of her long and brilliant career. Seventy-eight years of age was she, and yet one year ago I saw her act in "La Douairière de Brionne," at the Vaudeville, with undiminished grace and vivacity. She was the loveliest little old lady I ever saw upon the stage, so dainty, delicate, and refined, and looking in her powder and patches, her lace and jewels, like a statuette in Sèvres porcelain. She played the part of a madcap boy in one scene of the same piece, and that personation was simply dreadful to witness; it gave one the impression as of a galvanized corpse or a painted mummy attempting to mimic youth and gayety. The crowd at her funeral was something beyond all computation. Over four thousand persons gained admission to the church of La Trinité, where the ceremonies were performed, while a dense crowd assembled outside, blocking up the Rue St.-Lazare and the Rue Châteaudun, and extending far down the Chaussée d'Antin. Unfortunately, this vast assemblage of people did not conduct themselves in a very decorous or appropriate manner. Most of the persons present had come, not with any idea of paying a last tribute of homage to the great actress, but simply to amuse themselves; in fact, as a distinguished French lady who was present said to me, the crowd reminded her very much of the audience at a gratuitous theatrical representation. While the ceremonies were proceeding in the church, a ludicrous incident came to diversify the scene for the waiting throng outside. On a balcony of one of the houses, looking down on the open square in front of the church, a party of people were assembled, who, to protect themselves from the cold, had had the odd idea of wrapping themselves up in all the fur hearth-rugs and carriage-rugs they possessed. One gentleman appeared majestically draped in a white bear-skin, with the head of the beast grinning over his shoulder; another was enveloped in a tiger-skin, and a third wore a fox-skin carriage-rug, decorated with foxes' tails. Imagine the effect of the appearance of such a party on the risible nerves of the ridicule-loving populace of Paris! The crowd soon caught sight of these absurd disguises, and shrieked, yelled, and jeered, till they literally drove every one of the fur-wearers from off the balcony into the house. The funeral was well worth seeing, most of the literary and dramatic notabilities of Paris being present. Among the former may be mentioned Alexandre Dumas, Emile Augier, Sardou, Meilhac, Halévy, Camille Doucet, Barrière, M. Halanzier, of the Opera, etc. As to the theatrical celebrities, nearly every actor or actress of note in Paris was there. The solo-music was sung by the leading artists of the Opera. An immense concourse accompanied the funeral *cortège* out to Père-la-Chaise, where Dejazet was interred, not far from the tomb of Alfred de Musset. Two discourses were made at the grave, one by M. Blavet, and the other by M. Reboul, in which the maternal virtues of the departed *comédienne* were mentioned with deserved enthusiasm. Sardou and Halanzier were among the pall-bearers. To Sardou's credit be it stated that

he has never forgotten the fact that his first success was due to the appreciation and the talent of Dejazet, "Les Premières Armes de Figaro," in which she appeared, having proved his first theatrical triumph.

Meissonier's great picture of the "Charge of the Cuirassiers at the Battle of Friedland" (not at Reichshoffen, as sundry of the American papers persist in stating) has lately been completed, and is now on exhibition at the rooms of M. Petit, the celebrated picture expert. This painting, on which Meissonier has been employed for over two years, is one of his most important works, as it is his largest. It is about eight feet long by four and a half high. In the centre of the canvas, stationed on a high mound with his marshals around him, sits Napoleon the Great on horseback, holding aloft his cocked hat in salutation to the cuirassiers that are sweeping across the foreground from the right of the spectator in the frenzied, onward rush of the first onslaught. Very fine is the contrast between the immovable group of the emperor and his attendants, and the wild torrent of excited, cheering soldiers and galloping horses. A group of hussars occupies the left-hand side of the picture, the foremost one of whom is reining back his horse to avoid being swept away in the onward rush of the cuirassiers. Horse and man are alike marvels of finish and execution. Notwithstanding the fact that the scene is in full, unshadowed daylight, there is no glare or forced effect about the picture, its tone being cool and rather subdued. Nor does the exquisite finish of the details mar the force and breadth of handling wherewith the subject is treated. In fact, the painting is a masterpiece, and I congratulate myself heartily on the fact that its destination is my native land.

A great dramatic novelty has been vouchsafed to us this week, in the shape of a new piece at the Comédie Française. To be sure, the play in question was merely a little one-act comedy by M. Edouard Pailleron, entitled "Petite Pluie" ("Fine Rain"), but anything new at that very artistic but slow establishment is a boon to be thankful for. This lively trifle (for it is nothing more) treats of the adventures of a young married lady, who is in the act of eloping from her husband, and who is pursued and brought back to home and duty by a lady friend, an opportune storm, which drives the eloping pair to the shelter of a village-inn, having checked their flight, and the arguments of the friend being materially aided by the appearance of a pimple on the lover's nose! Mademoiselle Broisat, Madame Arnould Plessy, and M. Febvre, personated respectively the erring wife, the guardian angel, and the unlucky lover; while Mademoiselle Jeanne Samary, the young *débütante* of this year, made a very favorable impression as a little *Provençale aubergiste*.

"Le Tour du Monde" is to be withdrawn from the boards of the Porte St.-Martin next week. It has attained to the respectable number of four hundred consecutive representations.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## Science, Invention, Discovery.

OWING to the extreme delicacy and sensitivity of the spectroscopic method of analysis, it may be taken for granted that its chief service in the department of analytical chemistry will be limited to the examination of the so-called absorption spectra, or spectra of solutions. In view of this fact, the attention of spectroscopists has been directed to the need of simple forms of apparatus by the aid of which this method of observing the spectra of solutions may be simplified

and rendered at the same time more exact and efficient. A valuable contribution to this list of apparatus was recently described by MM. Delachanal and Mermet in a paper read before the Paris Academy of Sciences. As the device is one that a skillful chemist may readily construct, we have reproduced the original illustration, to which is added a brief description of the purpose of the device and its method of construction and use. The advantages claimed for it are as follows: 1. Constancy of spark permitting prolonged observation of spectra. 2. Suppression of the meniscus, and consequently of the absorption which it produces by partly concealing the spark. 3. Electrodes inclosed in a special tube, which preserves the solution from contact with impurities. 4. Possibility of collecting entirely the substance examined. 5. Possibility of arranging a series of spectroscopic tubes, inclosing solutions of the various bodies, thus permitting rapid demonstrations and comparisons. A reference to the illustration of the device as here given will render plain the following description of its parts: The closed tube *A*, four inches in height and one-half inch in diameter, is traversed by a lower platinum electrode, *f*; in the mouth of *A* is fixed a cork stopper, *C*, pierced by an orifice through which passes a capillary tube, *B*. *B* is traversed by a platinum wire, *c*, *d*, terminated at the upper end by a ring, and at the lower end by a point, *d*, opposite *f*; *d* and *f* are the electrodes. The important



part of the apparatus is a small capillary tube, slightly conical, one centimetre in height, movable, and which covers the lower electrode, *f*, topping it by two hundredths of an inch. To work the apparatus, pour into the tube *A* the solution to be examined, taking care that the electrode *f* and the tube *D* are only immersed to half their height. Let *a b* be the level of the liquid; capillary force determines the ascent as far as the point *D*, on which is formed an immovable drop which is vaporized when an induction current is put on by *c* and *f*. The observations may then continue a very long time without intermission, allowing the spectra to be observed and drawn with the greatest ease.

At a scientific meeting recently held at Grätz, in Styria, Dr. Krapp presented facts tending to show that the human system may become so accustomed to the presence of arsenic that, instead of its acting as a poison, the effect of its use seems to have been actually beneficial, at least so far as the health of the body is concerned. The portion of Dr. Krapp's report of his observations on this subject is of sufficient interest to be presented in full:

"It is difficult," he states, "to give precise statistics as to the increase in the number of arsenic-eaters in Styria, but I am convinced that there is a great number of them. They are mostly stable-boys, wood-choppers, and foresters; there are also some women. Many of these individuals commenced the practice at the age of seventeen or eighteen years, and have continued it to a very advanced one. They generally keep

the fact a secret; consequently, it is difficult to realize the actual development of the practice. They give as a reason for this habit that it protects them from other maladies, and also gives them an appearance of real health; that it is a remedy for difficult respiration, and also aids the digestion. A hunter who ate arsenic before my eyes assured me that he acquired courage little by little so as to continue the practice. There can be no doubt that the arsenic-eaters enjoy seeming good health, and are very robust. I think it can only be very strong persons who could take up and continue this habit; some of them arrive at a great age. I saw at Zeirung a coal-miner aged seventy years, who was vigorous and alert, and who I was told had followed arsenic-eating more than forty years. Another case was that of a chamois-hunter, aged eighty-one years, who for many years had made use of it. It results, from further observations that I have made, that either the white or yellow arsenic is made use of, and in a dry state. The dose is naturally very small at first, increasing gradually; the largest dose that I saw taken was fourteen grammes. There are intervals between the doses of fifteen days, a week, and sometimes only two or three days."

GENERAL SHERMAN, in his recently-published "Memoirs," gives a chapter on the military service of the war, from which we extract the following regarding the amount of food needed by a soldier while engaged in active service: "To be strong, healthy, and capable of the largest measure of physical effort, the soldier needs about three pounds gross of food per day, and the horse or mule about twenty pounds. An ordinary army-wagon, drawn by six mules, may be counted on to carry three thousand pounds net, equal to the food of a full regiment for one day, but by driving along beef-cattle a commissary may safely count the contents of one wagon as sufficient for two days' food for a regiment of a thousand men; and as a corps should have food on hand for twenty days ready for detachment, it should have three hundred such wagons as a provision-train; and for forage, ammunition, clothing, and other necessary stores, it was found necessary to have three hundred more wagons, or six hundred wagons in all for a *corps d'armée*." Tempelhoff, the historian of Frederick's wars, gives certain facts indorsing this statement of our American general. He states that one hundred thousand men consume daily one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of flour, equal to two hundred thousand pounds of bread; add to this one hundred thousand pounds of meat or vegetables, and the report agrees with the observations of General Sherman.

An interesting discovery, we learn from the *Academy*, is reported from the territory of the Atrak, where the Russians, in reconnoitring some newly-occupied districts, came upon the ruins of a long-buried and unknown city. The remains of several minarets, showing well-preserved traces of their Saracenic architecture, afforded conclusive evidence of the Mohammedan character of the city, which must have been of great extent, and had evidently been occupied by a large and stationary population. The ruins are on the steppe east of the Caspian Sea, where, according to the tradition current among the Toorkomans of those regions, the country was once noted for its extreme fruitfulness, and was irrigated by a canal connected with the Atrak. The remains of large tanks, and the traces—found by the Russians—of a very extensive system of pipes, from which excellent drinking-water can still be obtained, show the care with which abundant water-supplies had been secured for this mysterious city of a long-past age of

civilization. The Russian officers in command of the advanced column of troops, by whom the ruins were first visited, have forwarded to headquarters at St. Petersburg detailed reports of their discovery, together with copies of the inscriptions which admitted of being deciphered, and these have now been submitted by the imperial government to competent authorities for interpretation.

MR. STANLEY, if he ever suffered from the unjust insinuation regarding the truth of his early reports from Africa, would feel the wounds of honor healed could he now listen to the many words of praise which are bestowed on him by the former English doubters, at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. Colonel Grant, Captain Burton, and Sir Samuel Baker, vied with one another in commending the energy displayed by this explorer, and the probable correctness of his reports at the same time. Colonel Grant improved the opportunity to secure for his former colleague Speke the credit of having furnished full and correct information on the main questions involved, and showed that Speke's estimate of the rise of the Victoria N'yanza differs slightly from that proved by Stanley by means of his actual survey. Sir Samuel Baker added words of commendation, indorsing Stanley's use of force in protecting his train, and expressing the opinion that the conveyance of his boat, the *Lady Alice*, to the lake was a most remarkable feat.

A SERIES of observations were recently made in the milk-testing establishment of the municipality of Thun, with a view of determining the time during which butter could be kept fresh under varying conditions. The following are certain results obtained, and seem to be worthy of consideration by housekeepers as well as dairymen: When kept in a warm living-room, at a constant temperature of 59° Fahr., the butter became rancid after one day's exposure; and in a well-ventilated dairy at a temperature of 53° Fahr., after four days. In this latter apartment, the temperature remaining at 53° Fahr., but the butter being surrounded with water, the change did not occur till a lapse of thirteen days, which was increased to fifteen when the butter was submerged in the cold water. These tests were made with pure *fresh* butter, but, when the sample was pressed and slightly salted, it was found that in the well-ventilated dairy, with temperature at 53° Fahr., it remained sweet for twenty-nine days.

OWING to a curious accident, the Abbé Moigno, of Paris, has been led to protest against the introduction of the little red toy-balloons, with which American children are also familiar. It appears that a cabman in Paris was very severely burned about the head and eyes by an explosion inadvertently caused by reaching into his vehicle and placing the end of a lighted cigar near to one of these balloons, which had been left there by a child. While it is doubtful whether the occurrence of such an accident will be likely to furnish sufficient ground for abolishing the toys altogether, yet it may be well to direct the attention of parents to the possibility of such a catastrophe. Were the rubber-bags filled with absolutely pure hydrogen there would be far less danger, and the very violence of this explosion proves that the manufacturer had adulterated his gas with air—the result being not only a less buoyant balloon, but a far more explosive one.

IN order to determine the holding-power of glue under different conditions, Dr. Karmarsch conducted a series of experiments with the following results: Glue exerts a far greater hold on surfaces of wood cut across the grain than on



those that have been split or cut with the grain. Where two surfaces of split wood are laid together, the hold of the glue is the same whether the fibres are laid parallel or crosswise. The holding-power of glue in five different woods, estimated in kilogrammes per square centimetre, is given as follows: Beech cut across the grain, 155.55; maple, 87.66; oak, 128.34; fir, 110.50. When split, the holding-power was reduced in the same order as follows: 78.83, 63, 55.16, and 24.16.

THE work on the St.-Gothard Tunnel is advancing steadily, and, when compared with former work in the Mont Cenis Tunnel, with marked rapidity. Moreover, owing to the improvements in machines, the cost of this last work will be relatively much less than of the former one. Up to the present time the average rate of progress has been in the St.-Gothard nearly twice what it was in the Mont Cenis, a yearly advance of nearly two thousand yards being made. The contractor having this great work in charge has engaged to complete it by the 23d of August, 1880, and should there be no unforeseen difficulty, it is probable that the work will be accomplished according to agreement.

LARGE guns, which, when condemned, were formerly broken up by the tedious process of the hammer, are now subjected to the force of explosion with the same result. A charge of dynamite is placed within the lower end of the bore, which is then filled with water. An explosion of the charge breaks the iron into small fragments, in which state it is ready for the smelting or repeating furnace.

### Miscellaneous.

IN reference to Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Heathen Chinese" anecdote given in the JOURNAL a few weeks ago, a correspondent writes from California as follows:

In your issue of November 27, 1875, you favor your readers with a choice extract from Hepworth Dixon's recent work on America—"The White Conquest." The veracious Mr. Dixon relates with great gusto an anecdote of a Chinaman who was thrust into the mud of the crossing by one of the "magnates" of this city, and who retaliated upon his persecutor by saying, "You Christian, me heathen." Mr. Dixon gives this story upon the authority of the "magnate" himself. As "magnates" are unknown in our republican land, where there are wanting those distinctions of rank considered by Englishmen of Mr. Dixon's class so essential to a perfect condition of society, he must mean that the narrator of the story was one of our civic authorities; for he would hardly use the term "magnate" in speaking of a person without official rank and station. If such is his intention he has perpetrated a gross slander upon our city government, and his story may be set down as belonging to that class of incidents such as "bar"-fights, steamboat races and explosions, and Judge Lynch trials, sprinkled so liberally through the pages of the average English books of American travel. The fact is, the Chinese in this city are amply protected by the police, and are not the down-trodden and suffering race that Mr. Dixon's story would imply. It is true the Chinese are persecuted by our "hoodlums," our wild, ungovernable boys, but our courts always punish the offenders whenever apprehended. The Chinese themselves are in turn persecutors. They strive to destroy, with devilish malignity, any one of their race who adopts American customs,

and abandons the stilted, hollow teachings of Confucius for the pure and earnest gospel truth. There is in this city an organization known as "The White Hats" (taking its name from the color of the hats worn by the gang), which is a band of assassins, and any obnoxious Chinaman can be put out of the way for a small sum, and it is against the converts to Christianity that the hatred of this body is generally directed. The Chinese problem is a difficult one to solve, and the eyes of the nation should be opened to the fact that some day in the near future something will have to be done to prevent our Pacific States from becoming crowded with Chinese to the impoverishment or exclusion of every white laborer and artisan.

Our correspondent retorts upon this English defamer of California manners by two anecdotes of the distinguished author of "The White Conquest," that make very good tit for tat:

Now, a word or two in regard to this most illustrious author and traveler. His coming to California was heralded for weeks in advance. We were treated to daily doses of newspaper criticism upon his fame as a writer, and were earnestly urged (at so much a line) not to lose the opportunity of hearing the lectures of this intellectual prodigy. He came, and he lectured. The first night his audience was good; but on the second night he was greeted by a chilling array of empty chairs and benches. He didn't take, and the reason was, he was too self-sufficient; he impressed you with the painful consciousness that you were an ignoramus, and that all human knowledge was concentrated in his own bosom. While here, he was invited to the Bohemian Club, the literary club of the city, and was treated with great distinction and respect. His overweening vanity, however, got the better of him, and he managed to monopolize the conversation, and turn it on himself and his own literary achievements. He told the company that one evening he dined with Dickens, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, and other literary lights of the world, and we supposed he had preserved some of the pearls that were scattered with more than Eastern prodigality around the banquet-board; but no, it was what he said, and what the others didn't say; we got the bare, cold, naked, oyster-shells, but failed to catch the glint of the gems once hidden there. When he had concluded, one of our local wits arose and said that Mr. Dixon's experience reminded him of a dinner-party at which he once participated. He said he once met Lord Bacon, Solomon, General Washington, Julius Caesar, Sophocles, and Aristotle, and dined with them, and that he gave them all some very fresh ideas on philosophy and the science of government. This sarcasm produced a burst of laughter, and showed Mr. Dixon that we were not quite ready to accept him as a personification of literary triumph and progress.

When Dixon was leaving here, he asked one of our newspaper men to write to him occasionally.

"Certainly," replied our knight of the paste-pot and shears, whom we shall dub plain Smith for the nonce; "how shall I address you?"

"Simply Hepworth Dixon, England," replied the modest author of "The White Conquest."

"All right, Mr. Dixon," responded Mr. Smith, choking down his risibilities by a severe effort; "I trust to have the pleasure of hearing from you in reply."

"Certainly, Mr. Smith," replied Dixon; "how shall I address you?"

"Simply John Smith, America," triumphantly replied Mr. Smith.

THE subjoined, on Irish pronunciation, from the "Table-Talk" in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is interesting:

An Irish correspondent asks me why Mr. Boucicault, whose performance of Irish characters has now nothing in the same line to rival it on our stage, occasionally goes a little wrong in his "brogue," and drops into the conventional pronunciation with which Saxon authors and actors endow the Celt. For instance, he asks, why does Mr. Boucicault say "kape" for "keep," and "praste" for "priest"? This, it seems, is not in the genius of the Irish brogue, but is invariably the English misconception of it. The letters which the Irish peasant cannot manage are the "ea," as in "meat," or "sea," or "tea," and not the "ee" or the "ie." He says "mate," and "tay," and "say," but he does not say "praste" or "kape." Where the letter "e" is doubled his tendency is rather to prolong it inordinately. Some English comic writers make their Irishmen talk of "Saint Pater." But no one ever heard an Irish peasant speak of the blessed Saint of the Keys in such a way. He would call him "Saint Peether." My correspondent avers that this is the infallible touchstone by which to know genuine from conventional or Cockney-manufactured brogue. Mr. Boucicault is himself an Irishman, but my correspondent assumes that he has been so long out of Ireland that he has to trust to memory for his brogue, and therefore occasionally—and very rarely—is taken in by the sham article of the British drama. There is a story told as true in a Scottish town—Dunfermline, if I remember rightly—about some local disturbance a few years ago of which the Irish laborers were supposed to be the cause, and of a popular resolve therefore to expel all the Irish. One difficulty was how to distinguish these with certainty. A sure means was found. Every suspected person was asked to pronounce the word "peas," and of course all the countrymen of the Shaughraun called it "pays." Now, if in reliance on the traditions of the British stage the inquisitors had propounded the word "keep" or "priest," their inhospitable intentions would have been frustrated. My correspondent adds that no writer not Irish has done Irish brogue so well as Thackeray.

Another anecdote from the same source is very good:

The same correspondent is reminded by the wake in "The Shaughraun" of a story which he declares to be true, and which he says has never before been printed. In a city of Munster an old woman died, and the neighbors desired to give her a grand wake. The floors of the house were very shaky, and the people were warned by the priest and other authorities that they must not have their ceremonies in the upper room where the dead body lay. The friends paid no attention to the warning. It would probably have been contrary to precedent to remove the corpse before the time for its final removal. So the neighbors gathered in the upper room and lamented and were very merry until the floor gave way and they all came down into the room below. It proved that the wake was only the beginning of tragedy. Five or six of the "boys and girls" were killed. A doctor was sent for, who only arrived in time to certify the deaths. But the dead bodies were laid out with some order and decency in an undamaged room, and the doctor went to one after another, followed by a sympathetic crowd. "Who is this poor fellow?" he asked. "Ah, then rest his sowl," went a chorus of voices—"good son and good brother he was"—and then his name was mournfully recited, and other praises added. "And



this poor girl?"—"The Lord have mercy on her, for a better girl never drew the breath of life," and then her name was given amid fresh praises and groaning choruses of assent. Thus the doctor went his melancholy way, and surveyed corpse after corpse. In every case thus far he has heard nothing but lament and panegyric. His *inane munus* is nearly over when his eye lights on something like a bundle of old clothes thrust carelessly into a corner. "What is that thing there?" the doctor asks. "Oh, then bad luck to *Aer*," is the answer, accompanied by a general sound of anger and disgust—"sure that's the ould corpse that was the cause of it all!"

HERE are a few Hindoo proverbs, marked by a strong local flavor:

Hindoo proverbs are full of allusions to muskrats, crocodiles, monkeys, and tigers, mango-trees, the jack-fruit, the banana, and the rice-plant. In reading a collection of them you can never forget the country that uses them. They contain constant allusions to caste and suttee, and the tyrannical power of cruel rajahs, and to the sayings of learned Brahmins.

"The sandal-tree does not grow in every wood," is a thoroughly Hindoo proverb, and so is "You can never wash charcoal white." Some of these sayings require a knowledge of Hindoo customs before they can be understood, as "He's oiling his hands while the jack-fruit is still on the tree," a saying applied to people who count their chickens before they are hatched, it being necessary to oil the hands before touching jack-fruit, which exudes a glutinous juice.

A terrible phase of Hindoo life is suggested by a curious Bengalee proverb that says a man in a tiger's mouth is not so much afraid of the tiger's teeth as of the jungle he is going to—meaning that, even in the presence of great calamities, small future ones seem more terrible. An equally cruel enemy of the Hindoo is alluded to in the following prudent proverb: "What I dwell in the water and quarrel with the crocodile?"

Many of these proverbs turn on mythological and traditional illusions; for instance, a man impatient of waiting for an appointment will say, "How much longer shall I stand and hold Lakshman's fruit?" The gentleman referred to held some fruit for his legendary brother Ram fourteen years without eating it. Here is one which is full of Oriental color: "The bracelets tinkle on the lady's arm, and the fool cries, 'She is taking up rice for me.'" Here, too, is one Hindoo all over: "The snake-charmer can hear the snake sneeze;" intimating that a man understands the business on which he is always engaged. And here are two more: "I won't give you the water I wash my cowries in," and "The pin-fish goes on falling into the hands of a bad cook." The pin-fish is a great delicacy, and the proverb means that a clever person can never be understood by a fool. "He breaks the cocoa-nut on another's head" is a Bengalee way of saying that a man has gained something to the loss of another. "Plantain sauce and parched rice" is a Hindostanee way of expressing a complete incongruity. "The mother of many never reaches the Ganges" is a Hindoo way of saying "Everybody's business is nobody's business," and that the body will remain unburied.

There is no country where the proverbs are founded more on local customs than in Hindostan. "A great man's word is like the elephant's tusk" (not to be concealed or withdrawn) is a common Hindoo saying. A false devotee they compare to "a tiger in a sacred grove." To a vulgar, boastful fellow, strutting about overdressed, some one is sure to cry, "A red mango in the ape's paw, and the ape cries 'Ram, ram,'" words of delight; and lastly, to close our speci-

mens, when one man has gained an object by hard labor, and another tries to gain the same without work, the saying used is, "One man kills himself with pounding the rice, and another fills his cheeks with it smoking hot."

THE *London World* is severe upon young ladies with accomplishments:

The ordinary young lady can only play set pieces on the piano that she has learned at the price of Heaven knows how many valuable hours' practising; she never remembers anything by heart, could not compose two notes to save her life, and cannot repeat by ear the simplest melody out of an opera, though she has heard it a hundred times. She is perfectly ignorant of the history of music, hates classical works, knows few of the masters' names, save Verdi, Donizetti, Offenbach, and Mozart, the latter only as the composer of "Don Giovanni." Gregorian or Latin chants convey no especial meaning to her mind; all she can tell you about them is that they are used in church; as for orchestration, scoring, and such like, they are only fit matters for professionals. She will call Wagner horrid, Gounod lovely, Mendelssohn dull, and Beethoven pretty, without knowing why she likes or dislikes anything. She yawns at an oratorio, is bored at a concert, and only enjoys the opera because she knows everybody that sits in the boxes, and because it is an opportunity for wearing fine clothes, and fills up the Saturday evening, on which there are no balls. Still more deplorable is the young lady-artist who dabbles in painting. Landscapes are possible; for skies may be any arrangement of blue and white; trees can always be concocted with different splotches of green and brown; and stones and rocks every one knows need have no particular shape. But, when it comes to figures, art is impotent—anatomy would be an unfeminine study; proportion and perspective are again left to professionals, and the result is—what? A series of simpering dolls, with vermilion-and-white cheeks, vacuous in expression and unsteady about the legs, draped as much as possible, partly from a view to propriety, partly from the inherent difficulty of drawing a hand, an arm, or a leg correctly, or to look like anything but a bit of wood. Of course, under these circumstances, historical subjects, or any that convey a representation of passion or energy, are out of the question; the artist's (*sic*) time is chiefly spent in copying a few lackadaisical models of her master's style, or in depicting a shepherdess or a marquise on a bit of silk intended for a fan or a hand-screen. These compositions afford no pleasure to any one, are extremely unsatisfactory and arduous to the executant, and mark the stage at which the

amateur invariably stands still, or from which she ever recedes. Thus, if painting and music are high art, and the most noble and elevating of pursuits, should it be supposed that time, labor, and intelligence, need be bestowed on them? Time and labor enough are wasted, but to no purpose; because, as Mr. Gladstone says, it is not what you learn, but how you learn it, that is the keystone of success.

H. J. BYRON, writing in the *London Magazine* on "Theatrical Matters and Theatres," has something to say about lucky and unlucky actors and theatres that is true in principle of people and enterprises generally:

How often have I heard (and do I hear) the remark, "That theatre can never do; it's unlucky!" How frequently is that sweeping assertion disproved! A manager came from abroad a little time back and took an establishment of the worst repute financially. He crowded it to the roof during the season he held, and, migrating to another "unlucky" house, did the same. If ever a theatre had the reputation of being unlucky, it was for years the Lyceum. Look at it now. One of the most popular dramatists of modern days was, within my recollection (and not so very long ago either), considered, as an actor, so unlucky, that I remember a provincial manager telling me he wouldn't let him enter his theatre. His first two pieces showed no signs of the remarkable ability he displayed in later years; but the "luckless" one lived to found a school of dramatic writing, and his works brought a fortune to the management he served so well. Certain towns, too, labor under the imputation of being "unlucky"—notably, a large bustling one in the midland counties. I recently saw the "returns" of a traveling company, who had played conversational comedy instead of "The Maniac's Last Curse—but—Two" class of drama, which it was supposed was the only kind of entertainment welcome to the locality in question, and was as much surprised as pleased to find that the money received was equal to that gained in such cities as Manchester or Edinburgh. There is, of course, such a thing as ill-luck, and it manifests itself in an inability on the part of the unfortunate speculator to discover the kind of article required by the public, or, having discovered it, an inability to supply said article in a satisfactory manner. These are the sort of people who, when they pass under a ladder and are struck by a falling brick, blame the ladder and not the brick; indeed, they take a melancholy sort of satisfaction in exhibiting the bruise as evidence in favor of the superstition of their childhood.

## Notices.

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